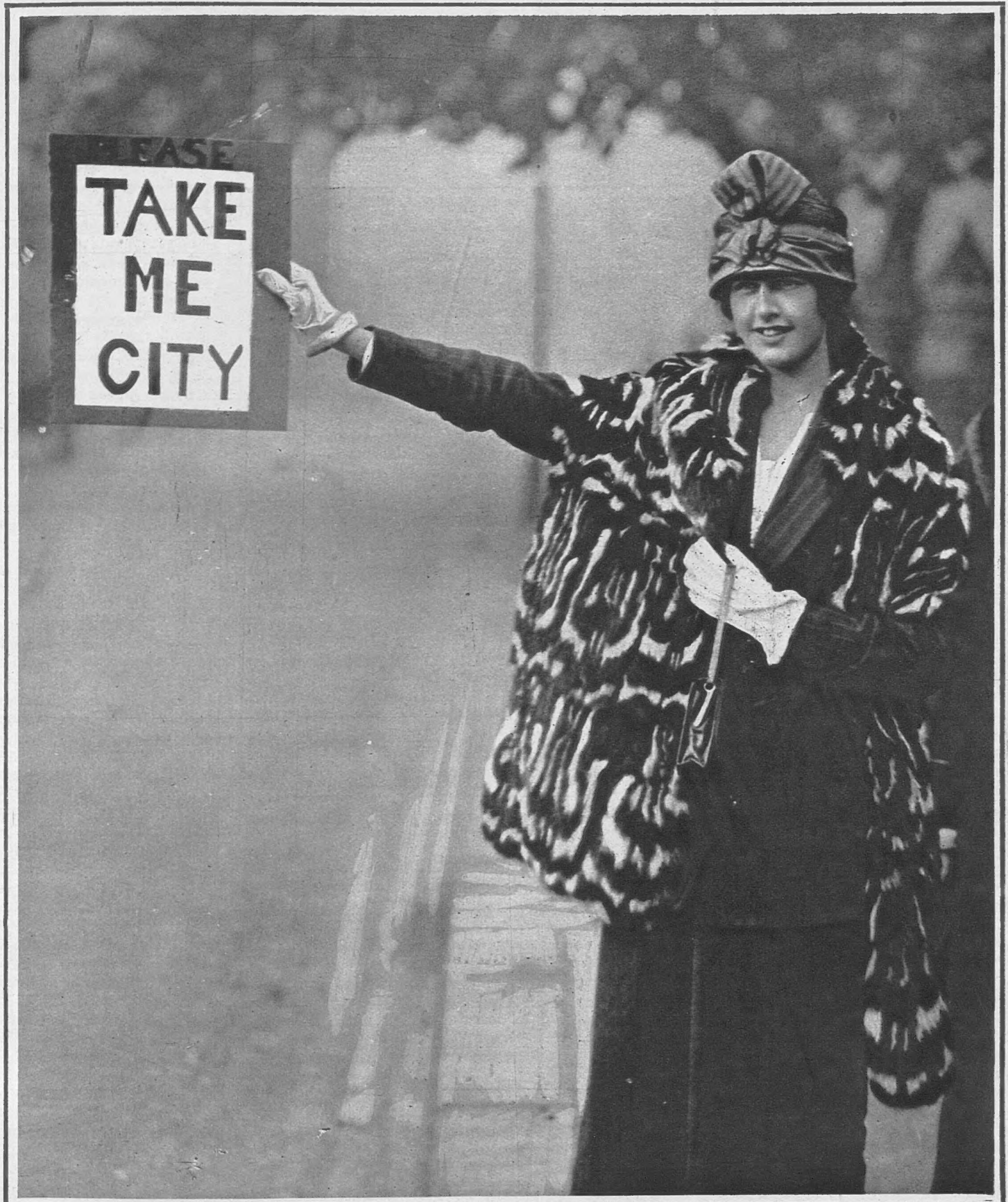


# The Sketch

No. 1393 —Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



## WAS IT NECESSARY? A CITY GIRL'S WAY OF SECURING A "LIFT."

Suburbanites faced with a long tramp to the City, owing to the strike, adopted many means of relieving the journey; but that chosen by the City girl in the photograph above is surely one of the most original.

We feel sure that any motorist with a seat to spare would be unable to resist so charming an appeal; in fact, the placard itself seems to be quite superfluous.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

### The Simple Strike.

This railway strike has one great advantage over the majority of strikes—anybody can understand it. In the case of previous strikes one has often been puzzled as to the *cause*. We all know, at any rate, why the railways from John o' Groat's to Land's End suddenly stopped work, with results that may, if we are feeble, inflict on the whole community loss, suffering, and even in some cases death. Mr. Thomas put the whole matter in a nutshell.

Mr. Thomas was making a speech to the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister was listening, and everybody else was listening, and Mr. Thomas was very happy, when Sir Eric Geddes, between whom and Mr. Thomas there is evidently no love lost, actually *interrupted* Mr. Thomas.

There you have it! Sir Eric Geddes interrupted Mr. Thomas, the man who, by lifting his little finger, could "paralyse the country" after four years of war! Well, what would you? Mr. Thomas burst into tears and lifted his little finger!

That was to teach the Government, and every member of the Government, not to interrupt Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas was a very great man. He was a dictator. It was in his power to let people die before surgeons could get to them. On no account must he be interrupted. We all knew that—all but Sir Eric Geddes. And so England goes over the top.

### The Men Who Get More.

Mr. Thomas, of course, can justify that action of his little finger. Oh, yes, indeed! He can show you in a trice how badly the railwaymen are being treated. It is *not*, you see, that the men are not paid *enough*. That is not the point. You must not run away with that idea. The men are being paid plenty of money—but *some of them get more than others*. There is the whole difficulty.

Again, this is not a question of doing the best one can for one's country. The war is over, and the war has been won, and all that "patriotic" nonsense has gone by the board. You don't have to be patriotic after a war. After a war, you all turn round and grab everything you can lay your hands on.

That is the proper way to behave. There is a certain parable known as the "Labourers in the Vineyard." Mr. Thomas, I presume, has never heard of it. Anyway, if he has, he doesn't hold with it. "Get what you can, and the devil take the hindmost, and chuck him the country into the bargain." That's the idea. What? The silent graves in France, Belgium, Mesopotamia? Fudge! *They're silent*. Died for the country? Not a bit of it! Don't you know what all those young men gave their lives for? Why, for the poor porters who never get any tips!

### Joy of the Minor Official.

When all is said and done, one class of person has been rendered happy by this strike—the minor official. The minor official was very happy during the war. He had a glorious catchword. No matter what went wrong, no matter what papers were hung up or what essential supplies were non-forthcoming, the minor official could always trot out his catchword—"There's a war on."

You heard it everywhere. Soldiers in uniform, desperately hurried by short leave, begged the minor official (in nice mufti) to help them out of a difficulty. Whereupon the minor official gave the soldier in uniform the glassy look and replied, "There's a war on!"

Then came the Armistice. He tried "There's an Armistice on," but it wasn't much of a catchword. The minor official began to get worried. He began to perceive that he must do his job without an excuse to tide him over inefficiencies. Life looked horrid to the minor official. There was even some talk of dismissing the incompetents!

But now, as I write, he is smiling again. On the first morning of the strike I went into a post-office in the country—a sub-office, but a largish one—and politely inquired of an idle gentleman whether the mails were going to London.

"There's a Strike on," he replied curtly, and continued to attend to his finger-nails.



A NEPHEW OF ADMIRAL JELlicoe WEDDED: SIR CHARLES CAYZER AND HIS BRIDE.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Oct. 1, Sir Charles Cayzer, Bt., 19th Royal Hussars, was married to Miss Beatrice Eileen Meakin, elder daughter of Countess Sondes and the late Mr. James Meakin. The bride was given away by her step-father; and the bridesmaids, nine in number, included the Hon. Prudence Jellicoe, daughter of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

### Why Have Railways?

After all, why have railways? Our ancestors did without them, and managed pretty well. Our ancestors had no motor-cars, no motor-lorries, no motor-buses, no aeroplanes, no telephones, no telegrams, no wireless. They got on all right. We have all these conveniences on our wee island, and yet we sit aghast at the thought of a railway strike.

I am well aware that I talked myself, in my first Note, of England going over the top. If she does, it will be our own fault. If the

railways are essential, we can easily run the railways. The Government have only to call for half-a-million volunteers to-morrow, and they will get them. Expert work? What is expert work? Driving an engine? Not nearly as expert as driving a motor-car at fifty miles an hour without the aid of block-signals and flanged wheels. Taking tickets? Handling luggage? Laying plates? Good heavens, do you imagine the whole Army has vanished into thin air?

If we can win the greatest war in history, we can manage our little tramway system. And what will Thomas do then, poor thing? Sit in the cloak-room to keep himself warm, and—I sincerely trust—hide his tear-stained face under his hat, poor thing. We know he can talk through it.

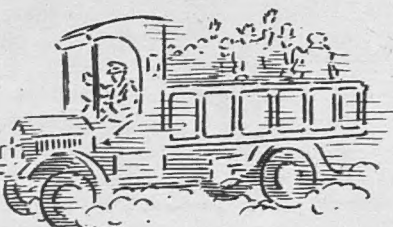
I can imagine no more delightful job, at the present moment, than to be Minister of Transport.

### NOTE TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS: SOCIETY SNAPSHOTS.

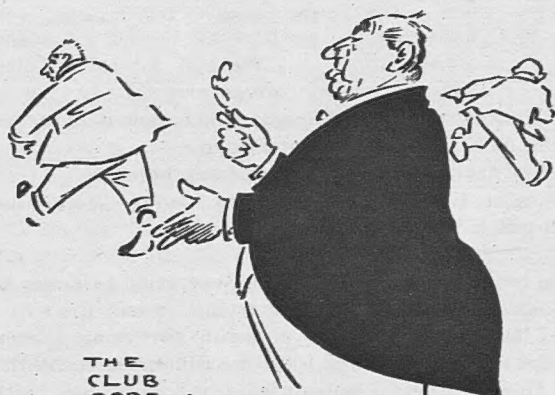
The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to receive amateur photographs of Society house-parties, shoots, and social events generally, with a view to publication. All photographs submitted should be fully titled. All used will be paid for liberally. Snapshots should be addressed to The Editor, "The Sketch," Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, as quickly as possible after the event.



# RAILWAY STRIKE HUMOURS.



THE FLAPPER :-  
"NO LORRIES FOR ME, DEAR! I'LL WAIT TILL A NICE BOY WITH A ROLLS-ROYCE COMES ALONG"



THE CLUB BORE :-  
"NOW AS TO THE EXACT MEANING OF THE WORD DEFINITIVE"

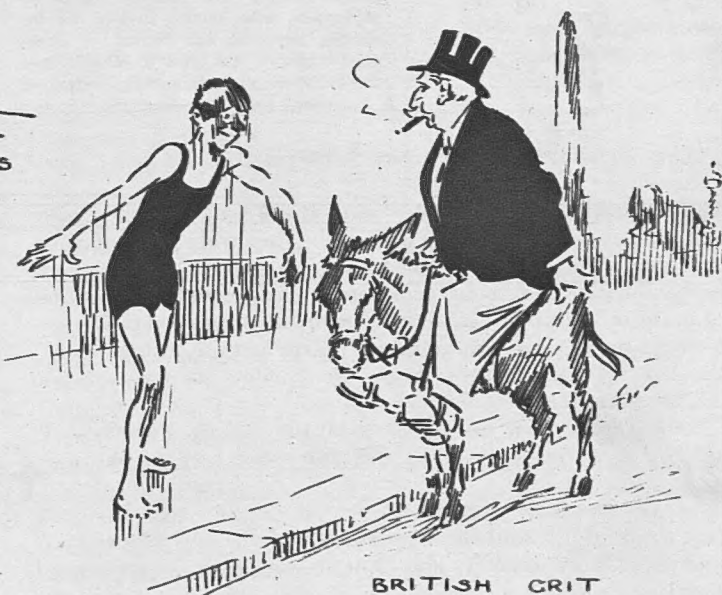


THE MACNAB :- "A'LL KEEP MA SILLER TILL YE'RE MAIR IN AGREEMENT"



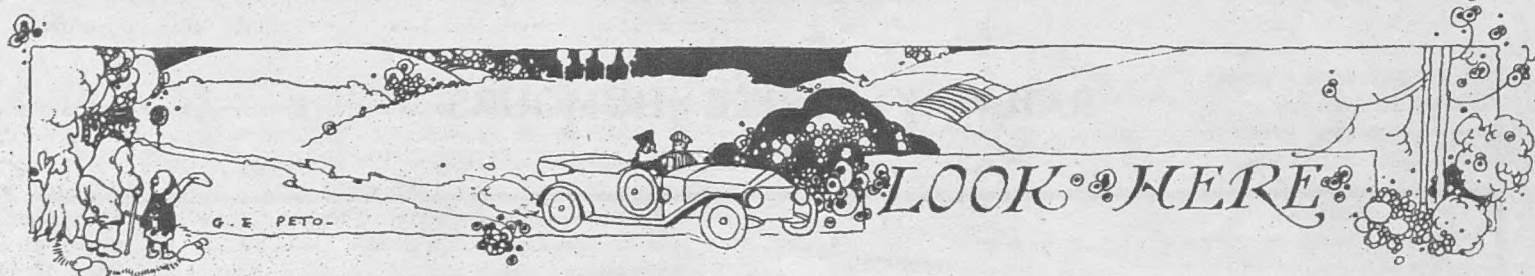
THE TRAVELLER :-  
"THIS RIGHT FER 'IGHGATE MATEY?"

THE NEW PORTER :-  
"HIGHGATE, DEAR OLD BEAN; HIGHGATE - IT IS REALLY"



BRITISH CRIT

WILL OWEN



"LIKE Lady Sondes, we have all been a bit pushed," said my table companion. "We had a week of push and push-cycles and funny adventures. Lady Sondes found it rather difficult to carry through all arrangements for her daughter's wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge—"

"How trying," broke in the person opposite.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the Younger Generation, "if you like to put it that way."

The tone used by the Younger Generation carried a slight reproof. Lady Sondes didn't say "How trying"; and the City woman who had to balance herself on a milk-can all the way from Southall to Shepherd's Bush and then walk the difference to Mark Lane didn't say "How trying." Nobody said it. Suburbia hoisted itself on to the tail-end of a cart, and wondered when somebody would cry

"My dear," said the Opposition, "the crowd is all very well in its place."

"How very rude they've been to Lord Durham, and Lord Penrhyn, and Lord Lonsdale," said the lady opposite. "I can't understand how Lord Northcliffe could say such nasty things about them."

"They can look after themselves," I said. "And if it's a matter of taking punishment like sportsmen, they are the men who know how to."

"What is unfair to them, I think," said the Young Person, "is to treat them as if they had been able to lay their heads together and take in the whole situation at a glance. Lord Penrhyn, for one, was on the move when the Stewards had to make their decision. He and Lady Penrhyn were travelling from Penrhyn Castle to their place at Stony Stratford."

"He, like both Lord Lonsdale and Lord Durham, would, of course, be inclined to say: 'D—the strikers; carry on!'" said the Young Person. "And besides, all the Douglas Pennants are fighters. Let us not forget Violet! And the late Lord Penrhyn had his own particular Labour troubles—with his quarrymen at Bethesda."

"The late Lord Penrhyn had twelve daughters," said the Opposition, "to say nothing of all the Lambtons! I can't believe that Lord Northcliffe wants to offend them all."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Young Person; "there are quite a lot of other subscribers."

An engagement, to be followed by a very quiet wedding, is announced between the Knight of Kerry and Lady Mildred Follett, both of whom have a multitude of friends.

"The Knight of Kerry," I said, "is really Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, and is probably better known as Sir Maurice than by the ancient title that figures on his wedding announcements. It was in very early times that a great Lord of Decies and Desmond created his three sons the White Knight, the Knight of Glin, and the Knight of Kerry."

"How very queer," said the Opposition.

"How very enterprising," said the Young Person.

"The O'Connor Don, he's another of these queer people—queer names, I mean," said the lady opposite. "They tell me he's going to marry, too, in November."

"I wonder what they call the wife of the O'Connor Don. 'Mrs. O'Connor' would be rather tame!" said the Young Person.

"The very quiet weddings are generally the interesting ones," said the Young Person. "Just think of Lord Ribblesdale's and Mrs. Astor's! By the way, does he still live in his converted garage, I wonder? And then look at Lady Wernher's and Lord Ludlow's."

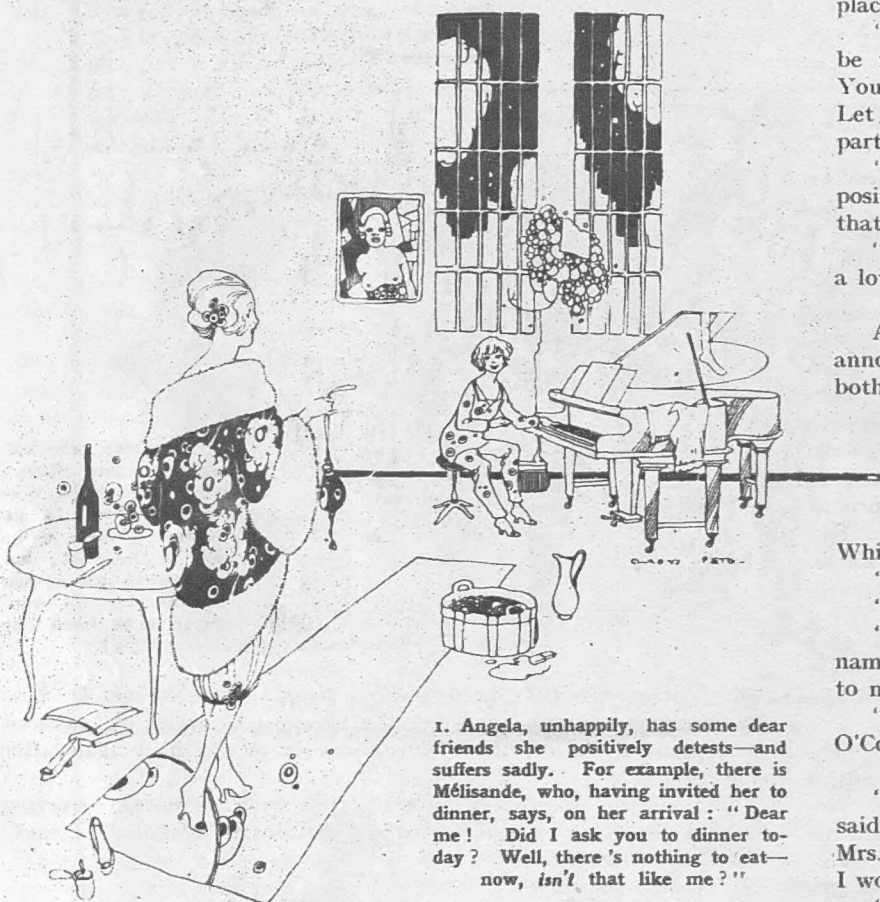
"His first wife was frightfully rich, too," came from the Bench—or rather the Chippendale chair—on the other side.

"I always admire Lady Wernher—Lady Ludlow, I mean. How hard it is to remember that she isn't Lady Wernher any longer! She has always been extraordinarily nice to me—is

extraordinarily nice to everybody. She always reminded me of a French pastel of the very best period—so vivacious and sparkling. And now I see they say she was like a Whistler in her going-away dress—as if that

were a pretty thing to say. Imagine Whistler, whose sitters all wore bustles and other Victorian impedimenta, so that he had to wrap them up in London fog to make them pass muster."

"Lady Wernher's secret was well kept, considering how elaborately she prepared," went on the Young Person. "Her dresses were simply perfect!"



1. Angela, unhappily, has some dear friends she positively detests—and suffers sadly. For example, there is Mélisande, who, having invited her to dinner, says, on her arrival: "Dear me! Did I ask you to dinner to-day? Well, there's nothing to eat—now, isn't that like me?"

out, "Whip behind, guv'nor"; but Suburbia did not say "How trying."

"The only disagreeable people," said the Young Person, "were the people in taxis, and I was one of them. They were in a difficulty. They all wanted to ask the crowd to come and sit beside them, but the taxi-driver had to be considered. You couldn't offer hospitality quite in the same way as in your own car, you know."

"I would never dream of going into a car with a strange man," said the lady opposite—the Opposition—"unless he got out and sat with the chauffeur."

"I couldn't let him do that," said the Young Person, "though, as a matter of fact, he did ask me if I would like him to."

"Just think of it," said the Opposition, "and Lady Sondes was always so very correct, and Eileen was such a nice, good, pretty girl—"

"Aren't they still correct and pretty and good and nice?" asked the girl, laughing.

"Of course, my dear," said the Opposition, "but imagine the confusion of a wedding in the middle of the strike, and the crowds in the streets instead of in the Tubes, and the upset. But I suppose I'm old-fashioned," she sighed, with that exasperating air of virtue which always accompanies the admission.

"It seems to me," said the Young Person, "that you regard Tubes and Undergrounds as places invented for stowing people away in, out of sight. That wasn't the intention, you know."



2. And there's Billy, who invites her to tea, orders ices and meringues by the dozen and the score, and finds she's left her purse on the piano!



"They went to the Continent for their honeymoon," said the lady opposite. "That was always considered the proper thing to do when I was a girl. What havoc that horrid war did play with our old institutions!"

From the Continent they return, not to Portland Place, where Lord Ludlow is giving up his residence, but to Bath House, the bride's Piccadilly dwelling—a most sensible arrangement, of course, considering what Lady Wernher has made of Bath House. But I dared not mention it to the Opposition, as most certainly she would have pointed out that she always and invariably, when she was a girl, went to live in establishments provided by her husbands.



3. Also, Betty the borrower: "Angie darling, could you lend me three pounds of butter? I do so dislike margarine!"

"I have just subscribed," said the Young Person, "to a Sunday Concert Society in which Lady Lavery is interested, and Leo Schuster, who really knows music through and through; and Lady Ross is to be one of the performers."

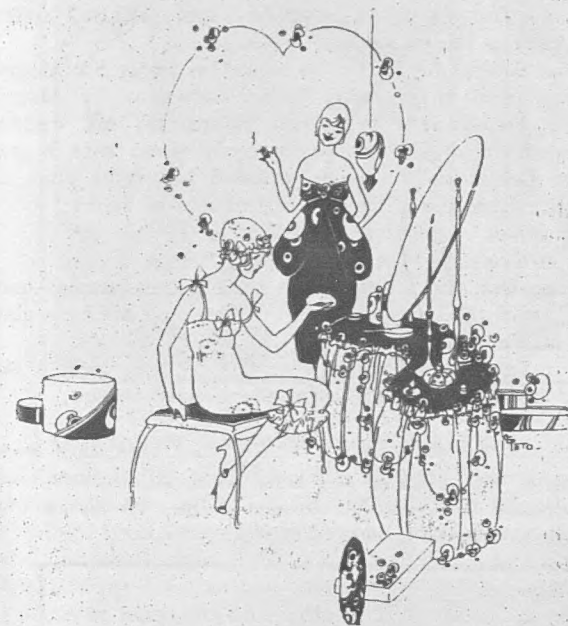
"Sacred music?" asked the Opposition.

"Good music, anyway!" answered the Young Person. "The only drawback is that it's in Hammersmith, at the Lyric Theatre, which means a penny 'bus, if they're running. I wouldn't dare ask mother for the motor on Sunday—to go to Hammersmith of all places. But I don't see why the inhabitants of Sir John Bull's Land should have the monopoly of nice things. Grace Crawford, who married Claude Lovat Fraser, is one of the singers,

and she's delightful, whatever she does. I saw her the other day, looking fascinating, at the private view of her husband's exhibition at the Mansard Gallery."

"And the drawings were nice, too," I said.

"Don't mention the Mansard Gallery to me, please," said the Opposition; "that's where my husband took me to see the Bolshevik nudes! There now, I've said the horrid word



5. But the worst of all was Nora, who would tell Angela, who wasn't at all entertained, "such a good story my husband heard on 'Change'—"

—but there's no other way of describing them!"

"And, talking of music," I said, "I came in lately for two performances, uninvited. Passing the League of Nations in Curzon Street late the other night, I heard a first-rate male choir singing 'Men of Harlech' inside, and I leaned against Crewe House opposite, and listened."

"And the second?" asked the Young Person.

"The second was more intimate," I said. "I was calling on a friend at 40, Half-Moon Street, and heard strange sounds coming from behind a closed door. 'That's Lord Berners composing,' said my friend."

"Captain Pretymann, a little late in the day (he is just on twenty-four) has been—one doesn't like to say the victim—well then, he's been the 'central figure' of coming-of-age celebrations at Orwell Park, with a luncheon, and addresses, and tenantry, and a silver rose-bowl. And if it hadn't been a silver rose-bowl it would have been a marble clock!—so what's the odds?" said the Young Person. "My sister, who was there, says he carried it all off rather well. He's the son, you know, of Mr. and Lady Beatrice Pretymann, who have that big corner house in Belgrave Square.

But what a change, and how very English, after a campaign in Palestine!"

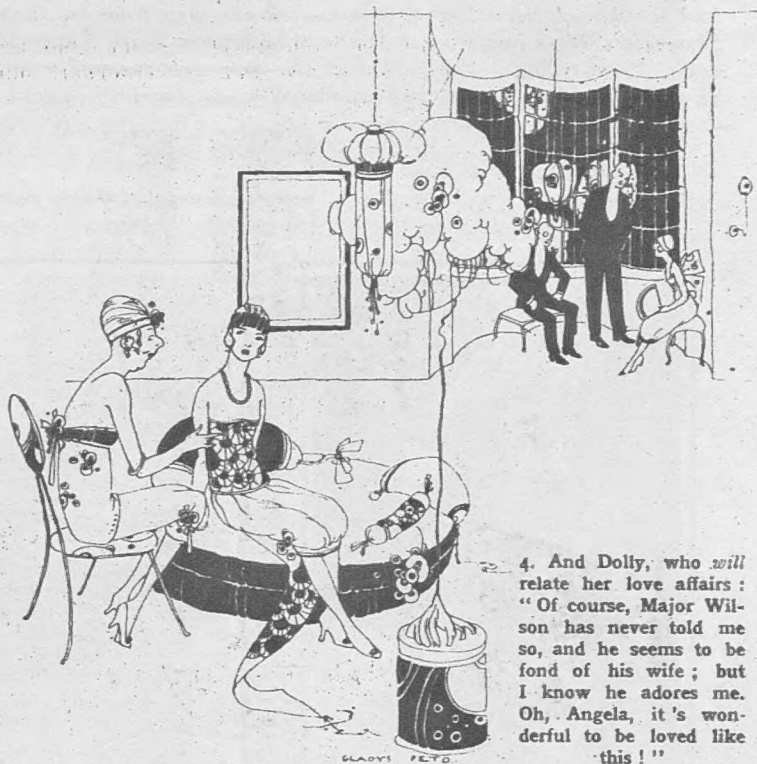
The King's decision to return to London, just at a time when most people would have liked to get out of it, was a worthy one, and characteristic. And how few people did actually try to escape, even though they knew that wood fires, and new-laid eggs, and pheasants, and seclusion awaited them in their country retreats.

"I enrolled as 'special,'" was all I could answer to the Opposition, which wanted to know what I had done to suppress the strike.

"I enrolled at an office just off Orchard Street, and found the Duke of Manchester doing the same. He seemed to be regarded as a useful man by his new chief, for he was put to a job there and then. I was merely told to hold myself in readiness."

"I do so admire these volunteer drivers," said the Opposition. I stood reproved.

Lord and Lady St. Davids have left England for foreign parts, including Buenos Ayres, and will be away three months, but most



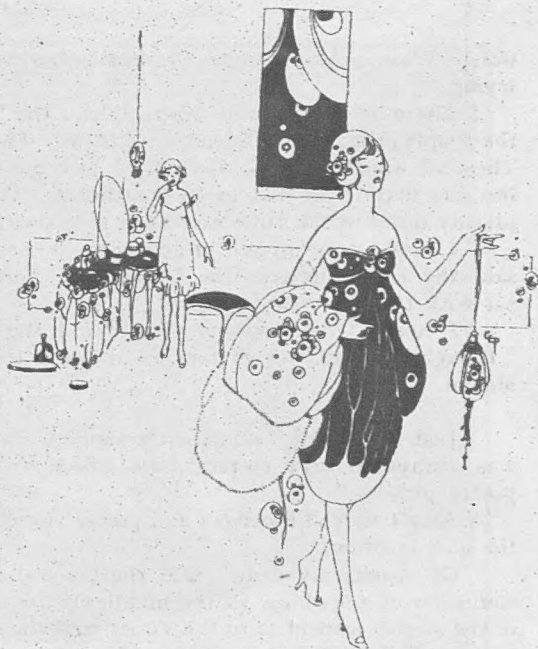
4. And Dolly, who will relate her love affairs: "Of course, Major Wilson has never told me so, and he seems to be fond of his wife; but I know he adores me. Oh, Angela, it's wonderful to be loved like this!"

other movements have been towards Town. The Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta is with her sister the Dowager Countess of Crawford in Holland Park, and the Ambassadors are mostly back again after the vacation.

"I saw the Marquis of Soveral, lately from Balmoral, surveying Oxford Street in upheaval, with a certain melancholy," I said; "and Lady Curzon of Kedleston returned to Carlton House Terrace just before the stoppage."

Sir Edwin and Lady Emily Lutyens, who know more about houses, and which to leave alone, than almost anybody in England, have elected to live at 13, Mansfield Street, W. They have taken the lease.

"And the doctors are getting back, too," said the Young Person. "Isn't it odd that as soon as the great surgeons are demobilised, the operations begin—necessary, urgent operations that cannot be delayed?"



6. —And yet, when Angela, "seeing that that was the idea," told her the rabbit-pie story her grandmother had told her, seemed terribly shocked and stalked out of the room. May she lose her ration-book and never get a lift in a car!



## SPORT—AND STRIKE: "SNAPS" OF THE MOMENT.



THE WINNER OF THE TOURNAMENT AT WALTON HEATH:  
ABE MITCHELL.



DURING THE FINAL: ABE MITCHELL APPROACHING  
THE SECOND GREEN.



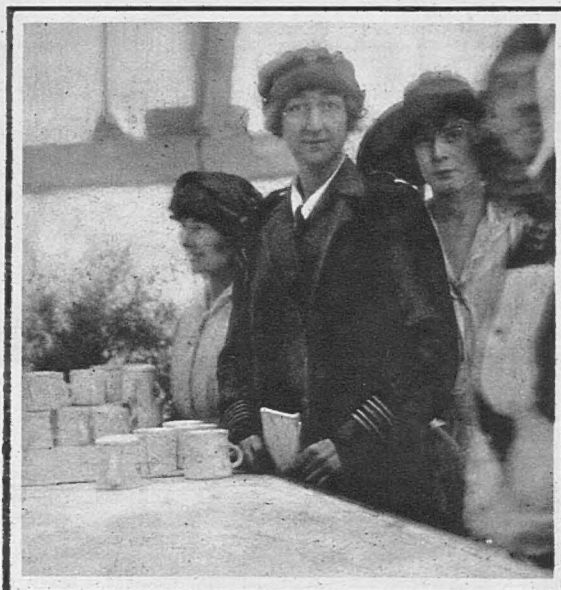
THE RUNNER-UP IN THE TOURNAMENT AT WALTON HEATH: GEORGE DUNCAN.

The final of the "News of the World" Golf Tournament, at Walton Heath, resulted in a win for Abe Mitchell, by one hole. The match, as the

result suggests, was well described as "extraordinarily dramatic, a match of endless ups and downs, of glorious shots and abominable shots."



A RAILWAY-STRIKE VOLUNTEER:  
LORD LAWRENCE AS PORTER.



A RAILWAY-STRIKE VOLUNTEER: LADY JULIET  
TREVOR AS CANTEEN-HELPER.



A RAILWAY-STRIKE VOLUNTEER:  
SIR R. COOPER AS SIGNALMAN.

Lord Lawrence, grandson of the Lawrence of the Indian Mutiny, is a Major in the Territorial Force Reserve, and a Staff Lieutenant.—Lady Juliet Trevor was Lady Juliet Duff, and is a daughter of the fourth

Earl of Lonsdale. Her first husband was killed in action in 1914. Her re-marriage took place in June.—Sir Richard Cooper, the second Baronet, became M.P. for Walsall in January 1910.



CUB-HUNTING WITH THE PYTCHLEY: MISS MARGARET  
SCHILIZZI AND THE HON. KITTEN HORNE.

Miss Horne is the daughter of the famous General.—Mr. Thomas, the N.U.R. leader, has just bought this house, with three-quarters of an



MR. J. H. THOMAS'S £2000 PURCHASE: 125, THURLOW  
PARK ROAD, DULWICH.

acre of ground. The value of the property is estimated at £2000, and is in one of the best parts of this well-known suburb.



# SOCIETY AND THE STRIKE: VOLUNTEERS ON THE RAILWAYS.



A V.C. "STABLE-BOY" AT BLACK-FRIARS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHERWOOD-KELLY, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.



A MILK PORTER ON THE GREAT WESTERN: LIEUTENANT RAVENHILL, COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



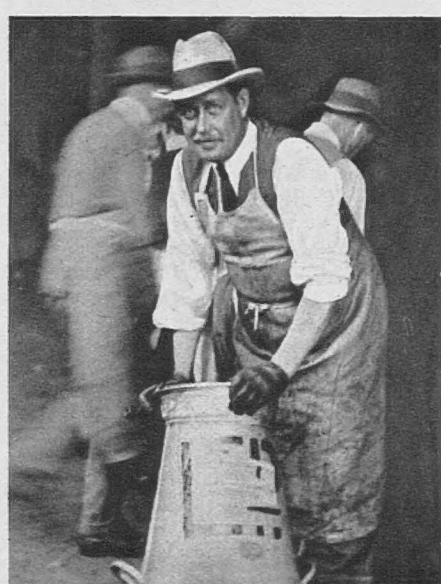
MILK PORTERS AT PADDINGTON: CAPTAIN GILBEY, OF THE GUARDS; AND THE HON. E. KNOLLYS.



ALSO AT PADDINGTON, SHIFTING CHURNS: COLONEL FRISBY, WELSH REGIMENT; LIEUT. BENNETT, LONDON REGIMENT.



A PEER AS A GREAT WESTERN PORTER: THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON AT PADDINGTON.



A COLONEL FROM THE RIFLE BRIGADE: COLONEL THE HON. E. COKE AT PADDINGTON.



TAKING A FEW MOMENTS' REST AT PADDINGTON: THE EARL OF DROGHEDA (STANDING).



ON THE FOOT-PLATE OF HIS ENGINE: MAJOR STANLEY TURNER, R.A.F., AT MARYLEBONE.

One of the most extraordinary features of the record railway strike was the immediate and almost overwhelming response of the public for volunteers to carry on with the distribution of foodstuffs, and this was especially noticeable amongst the highest ranks of Society and officers of the Army, past and present. At Paddington Station

quite a host of well-known men handled the milk-churns with greater alacrity than, if, perhaps, not with the same skill as, the professional porter; whilst in many cases their wives were driving motor-vans or cars with food supplies from the early hours of the morning. Our photographs show well-known volunteer helpers at Paddington and elsewhere.



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## JOHN CORDWAYS v. LADY CLARISSA : "THE CHOICE."



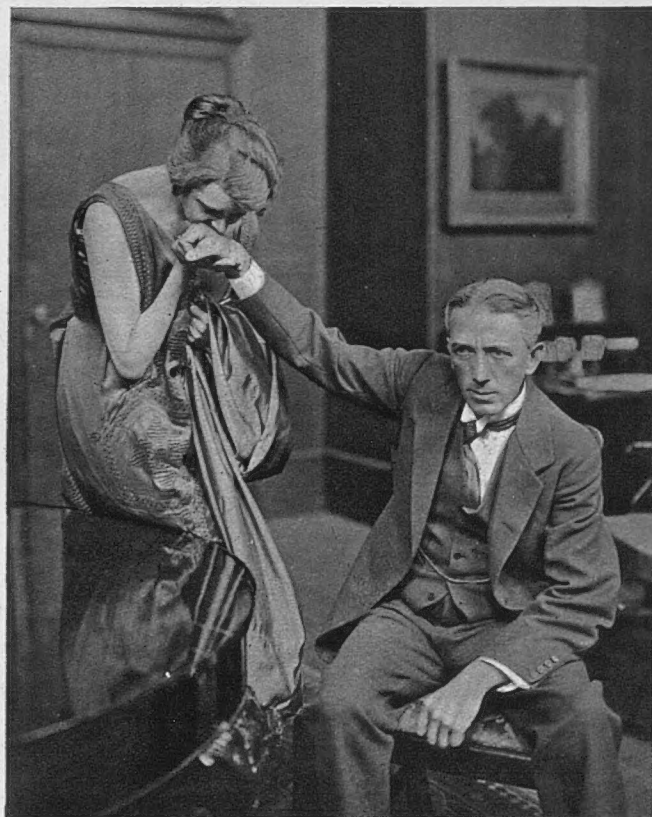
MISS MARY RORKE AS MRS. CORDWAYS ; MR. GERALD DU MAURIER ; MISS VIOLA TREE.



MISS VIOLA TREE AS LADY CLARISSA, AND MISS COMPTON AS LADY BALLARDAILE.



MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS JOHN CORDWAYS, AND MISS VIOLA TREE AS LADY CLARISSA.



MISS VIOLA TREE AS LADY CLARISSA, AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS JOHN CORDWAYS.

Briefly, the plot of "The Choice" is as follows: John Cordways, a self-made man and a big employer of labour, decides to dismiss one of his men, Knapp, for drunkenness, and orders his secretary and friend, Robert Dalman, to dictate the dismissal. Dalman, knowing Knapp as

a fellow-soldier and a good soldier, demurs; but Cordways insists, and the dismissal is written. Then Dalman resigns. A strike does not follow, but Cordways loses Lady Clarissa, who also wants Knapp to be kept on. Cordways insists in his purpose; and Lady Clarissa weds



"IT WOULD BE VERY EASY TO PUT A REAL NAME."



IN BLUECOAT BOY'S DRESS: MISS VIOLA TREE AS LADY CLARISSA, AND MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS ROBERT DALMAN, IN "THE CHOICE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

*Continued.*

Dalman. Lady Clarissa herself, as the "Times" critic put it, "is a much advertised, photographed, talked about social butterfly, who chiefly did her bit in the war by dancing at the Savoy. . . . She is an actual type to which it would be very easy to put a real name." Of her

dresses the same critic writes: "I should like to speak about her dresses, but I am afraid. One of them, a Bluecoat boy's, seemed to send a thrill through the women in the house." The play throughout is neatly written and brilliantly played.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield. Ltd.]



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

WONDERFULLY slow, my infants, is the progress of the theatrical intelligence in political affairs. For years after the decease of the late Lord Beaconsfield and the dethronement of every ideal that ever caught his fancy, that noble name, that forelock, that goatee, that enigmatic smile evoked delirious enthusiasm in every variety house in the country, and London music-hall audiences in constituencies that have voted steadily Liberal since 1885 make it always a point of honour to cheer to the echo the unfavourable comments on the "Rads." proffered by the red-nosed gentlemen with the mechanical back hair. The dear people feel that the Profession expects it of them, and the kindly English always hate to disappoint a friend: that is why they shot Admiral Byng and decorated Mr. (not yet Sir) George Robey.

But (so rapid is the March of Progress) the gentlemen in the amusements business have now awakened to the existence of the Labour movement—and something will have to be done about it pretty soon. Some Power that Is should really institute a new department in the ducal *coulisses* of Montague House, where the Ministry of Labour is generally believed to lead its strawberry-leaved, if somewhat stormy, existence (cries of "Sack the lot" from an elderly party in a yachting-cap, which were instantly suppressed). The case for this addition to our administrative machine would convince even the stony-hearted "Waste" sub-editor of the *Times* and the wood-boxes enthusiast of the *Morning Post*, who will inevitably discover one day that the matutinal post itself is made of missing Ministry timber.

The job to be assigned to this new Department by an all-seeing peace-time War Cabinet will be to put the stage wise about the horny-handed, and We are Ourselves prepared to assume the arduous position of Director-General of Stage Strikes (D.G.S.S.) for a merely nominal salary and a raffle-ticket for the next Honours List. Meaning this: there is no excuse in the delightful epoch in which we are charmed to live for putting on the public stage two strikes of an ineptitude equal to those visible nightly (and twice on

have downed tools because the management dismissed a war hero for chronic alcoholism, due to shell-shock; whilst the men at Borst-wicks, the large Yorkshire foundry in Drury Lane, just at the back of Bow Street, went out because they disapproved of the old man's Roman brutality in sacking his daughter's young mahn. So the



"LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY"—AND THE CART! MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND COMPANY LEAVING BRIGHTON FOR PORTSMOUTH DURING THE STRIKE.

Mr. Cyril Maude is seen in the front seat, on the left of the photograph. Behind him, with cigarette, is Miss Connie Ediss.—[Photograph by Hopkins.]

heart of theatrical Labour would appear to be terribly, almost unbelievably in the right place, wouldn't it?

But there is more than a mere strike or so in the George R. *plus* Louis-Napoleonic "Great Day." There are several parties—a garden party with sinister pierrots in the Secret Service of Another Nation, and a supper party with real profiteers hustled and put to shame by the Starving Sons of a Downtrodden Proletariat, and a firework party with a Real Peer (very gracious to all the speaking parts, but a shade haughty with the supers), and a "my God, Lilian" recognition of his long-lost wife by a shell-shocked soldier. There are what our friends the real journalists call "adventures by fire and flood"—the fire in a Yorkshire foundry and the flood in a Parisian institution which appears to be a disagreeable cross between a doss-house and a *cabaret*. And what more do you want?

Indeed, poor Mr. Stanley Logan had a most stirring evening before Miss Sybil Thorndike was finally permitted to repose in his Græco-Roman half-Nelson. And Mr. Frederick Ross, the captain of industry (1918 interim dividend, 84 per cent.) shouted at us with positively infectious energy. But, dramatically, the best of it all was Mr. Gerald Lawrence, the villain whose broken English was a treat and his mesmerism a touching (and well-acted) tribute to the memory of the late Sir Herbert Tree as Svengali; and after him Mr. Buckler as a shell-shocked soldier whose brutal Hunnish captors had not, if one might judge from the abundance of his *coiffure* in Act IV., kept him short of that indispensable hair-food which we owe to the inventive ingenuity of one of the two authors of his being—so the blockade was not perfect, after all, you see: *what did Jacky Fisher tell you at the time?*

Of the ladies, Miss Rhoda Symons, the villainess, concealed a heart of (rolled) gold and a charming appearance behind some dreadful goings-on and a series of most trying make-ups; whilst Miss Sybil Thorndike became momentarily franker, and fresher, and sweeter, and more English as the evening wore on. Miss Dorothy Tetley amiably enabled Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald to supply comic relief, and Miss Henrietta Cowen potttered delightfully around as the hero's mother. And all was well that ended well. Very,



ON TOUR DURING THE STRIKE: THE "BE CAREFUL, BABY" COMPANY ON THE ROAD.

The company travelled by lorry from Brighton to Aldershot.

Photograph by Hopkins.

Saturdays) at Wyndham's and Drury Lane. The working classes, if we may believe Messrs. Sutro, Louis N. Parker and George R. Sims (the last two in collaboration), are of a sentimentality of the most remarkable. The employés at Cordways', or Ropewalks', or whatever Mr. Sutro calls the great du Maurier works, appear to



## "THE BIRD OF PARADISE": THE LOVE PRAYER.



HEWAHEWA, A PRIEST OF THE ANCIENT DAYS, AND LUANA AND HER FRIENDS UTTERING THE PRAYER TO KEEP A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

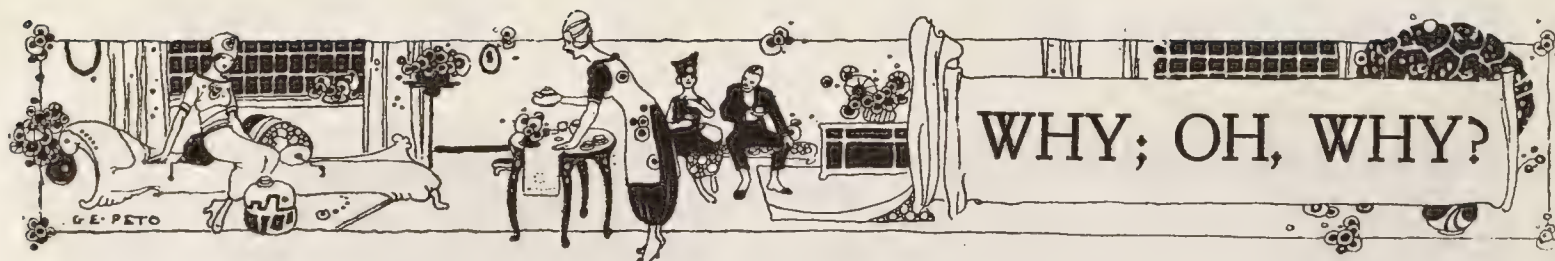


WITH HER GIRL-FRIENDS: LUANA, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE OLD CHIEF, AND A PRINCESS OF HAWAII, IN THE HOURS OF HER HAPPINESS.

"The Bird of Paradise," at the Lyric Theatre, deals with the Hawaii of the early 'nineties, and is particularly notable, apart from its drama, for its local colour. The first photograph on this page shows Luana's prayer that she may keep her husband's love. Miss Dorothy Dix, as

Luana, is on the left hand of the drum. Mr. J. Fisher White, as Hewahewa, a priest of the ancient days, is standing in the centre, with arms outstretched. In the lower photograph Miss Dix is in the centre.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]





WHY the . . . well, perhaps this is hardly the place to discuss that strike, is it? We might begin to say nasty things that would blur all the pretty pictures on the page opposite. But we were all (weren't we?) feeling a little like the bull-necked, leather-jawed old gentleman who put it across the proletariat in Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife"; and a man who has walked eight miles, punctuated by short spurts in a dust-cart and a far from Annie lorry must be excused for Norman McKinneling a bit sometimes, poor dear.

Queer how pedestrianism, which was fast becoming a lost art—like staining glass windows for churches and being really funny in variety entertainments—leapt suddenly back into popularity. The sudden boom in the rubber-heel and walking-shoe industry was only equalled by the almost audible creaking of the dis-used knee-caps of the people of England, as they took once more to using their feet for the purpose for which they had been provided with them by a far-seeing world-management.

And what a little blessing it was, though, to some of our less generous sisters. Some of the worst of the war-time hostesses began showering out their invitations to "ration dinners." The kind ladies knew perfectly well that you wouldn't be able to get there at all, to begin with, and that even if you arrived, they needn't give you anything worth speaking of to eat at the end of it. So they had the bright idea of returning rather more substantial hospitality in this depreciated currency which had stood them in such stead through the little trouble on the Continent. Such a good scheme. Like repaying one's debts in marks and kronen. And so patriotic. No waste, you see. Quite like old times, wasn't it?

Why—one asks the question without any intended disrespect of H.I.M. Louis Napoleon Parker and his invigorating Druridrama—why on earth was Vladimir Rosing recruiting his Pan-Slav intellect at "The Great Day" the other night? Was he hoping to get tips from Mr. Gerald Lawrence on the pierrot business, or what? One likes to see these Great Souls (ever know a Russian since the late Count Tolstoy who hadn't got a great soul?) disporting themselves in the Haunts of the People, and one hopes to hear the beneficial effects of the

Great Drowning-Scene the next time that Rosing takes, as you may say, the boards.

Why has nobody taken the trouble to deny the serious rumour that the little misunderstanding with the railwaymen was deliberately engineered in Printing House Square as the only means remaining that offered a hope of protecting the *Times* from the further and steady flow of epistolary oburgation from Lord Fisher in his rural retreat? Two in a day, and a postscript to each, was really getting too much at the present price of paper. So Mr. Wickham Steed was discovered removing his beautiful white summer suit and blacking both his own eyes, preparatory to a pilgrimage to Nine Elms in order to sprinkle discontent among the railway workers. And thereafter Jacky Fisher's letters piled up in the village pillar-box—

until one night it blew up by spontaneous combustion.

Why, furthermore, has none of the pestilent statisticians who cram one with superfluous, inaccurate, and uninteresting information on unimportant subjects worked out for our delectation the combined ages of the *première* audience at the Gilbo-Sullivan-iac revival? Was it because the paper he sent the stuff into hadn't enough noughts, or why? Their beards would reach, if placed end to end (one is always placed end to end in statistics—most uncomfortable, however helpful it may be to mathematics) from the Princes Theatre to

Table Mountain; and the combined horse-power of the bath-chairs assembled on that historic occasion would suffice unaided to push an A.S.C. lorry full of milk-cans from Dan to Beersheba. A great night!

And why do none of the indignant elders who bombard papers with letters on the joys of landing at Boulogne hit the right nail conclusively on the head? The worst feature of the whole outward journey was the cold, insolent stare that you used to get from a supercilious sleuth in the ship's smoking-room that they turned into the passport office in Boulogne Harbour. It was comparatively fun to stand in a queue in a draught for forty minutes and to trip up over the door as you went into the office. But that stare made one want to ask whether travelling was scheduled as a criminal offence, and what we had won the Great Struggle for Freedom for, anyway.



A VERY FINE PIECE OF ACTING: MR. LYN HARDING AS TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR DEAN, THE BEACH-COMBER, IN "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.



## "THE BIRD OF PARADISE": THE PRAYER TO DEATH.



LUANA, WHO HAS BEEN "PRAYED TO DEATH" BY HEWAHEWA, PLACES HER NUMB FINGER IN THE FLAME OF A CANDLE, AND FEELS NOTHING.



LUANA ABOUT TO SACRIFICE HERSELF FOR HER PEOPLE BY THROWING HERSELF INTO THE VOLCANO'S MOUTH AS AN OFFERING TO THE GODDESS PELE.

Luana is "prayed to death" by Hewahewa, the priest, and it is said that those who come under the curse die by degrees—from the tips of the toes and from the finger-tips. Luana feels—possibly by hypnotic suggestion—that her finger-tips are numb, and tests herself

by putting a finger in the flame of a candle, when she feels nothing. In the end, she does indeed die; for she sacrifices herself to Pele by throwing herself into the crater of the volcano, in order to appease the goddess and save her people from destruction.

*Photographs by the Stage Photo. Co.*





AS IT IS IN FRANCE: THE

DRAWN BY J.





E COUNTRY WEDDING.

SIMONT.



SUBURBIA : SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN.—No. VII.



CHEERING HER UP !



## A CHANGE FROM HAND-SHAKING! THE PRINCE OFF DUTY.



AT THE START OF A SHOOTING TOUR: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING AT NIPIGON—IN SHORTS.



TAKING IT EASY ON THE RIVER: THE PRINCE IN A CANOE.



AFTER DISEMBARKING AT THE END OF A PLEASANT TRIP: THE PRINCE AT CAMERON FALLS.



WITH A BIRD HE BAGGED: THE PRINCE ON THE BANK.



WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PARTY: THE PRINCE BY THE RIVER.

After a very strenuous round of official functions and much hand-shaking in the principal cities of Canada, the Prince of Wales managed to snatch a well-earned holiday of a few days on the Nipigon River,

Ontario. With a few friends of his personal staff, and accompanied by Indian guides, he shot game from a canoe along the river to Cameron Falls.—[Photographs by Central News and Sport and General.]



# "TAKE A DIP; TAKE A DIP!": "BRAN



1. A PERFUME OF ROSINE.

2. MISS BEATRICE LILLIE AS MARION TRUE IN  
"IN BED AND OUT."

3. "A GRECIAN DIP."

4. "A PERFUME DIP"—COUPE D'OR (MISS SARA SAMPLE).

5. "THE PERFUMES OF ROSINE": MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS  
AS ROSINE AND MISS JOSÉ DE MORAES AS THE  
MAN.

A great many are very pleased to take a dip, take a dip, in the new "Bran Pie," at the Prince of Wales's, and are well satisfied with the prizes. There are twenty-one dips, and all of them well worth the seeking—from "When the Pie is opened" until it is closed for the evening. They include "Kisses"; "Une Tasse de Thé"; "That Wonderful Lamp"; "Married and Single"; "Philomela"; "Everyone Dipping";



# E," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



6. "A GRECIAN DIP."
7. IN "PHILOMELA; A GRECIAN DIP": MISS ODETTE MYRTIL AS THE VIOLINIST.
8. A PERFUME OF ROSINE: PIERROT.

9. SOME DANCERS.
10. A TANGO.
11. SOME PERFUMES OF ROSINE.
12. MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS IN "A VALSE."

A Perfume Dip"; "In Bed and Out"; "The Vamp"; "A Striking Dip"; "A Nutty Dip"; "In the Land of Yamo-Yamo"; "Chong"; "The Lay of the Languid Golfer"; and "A Reverie," including a minuet, a valse, a tango, and a jazz. A somewhat unusual feature of the entertainment is the excellent violin-playing of Miss Odette Myrtil.—[Photographs by the Stage Photo. Co.]





## THOSE BOORISH, MOORISH MALES!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

**E**VEN an extravaganza may contain a great deal of truth. Those legions of leisured Londoners who press and crush and rush to the Pavilion nightly to laugh over pure farce (I say pure because it is the consecrated term, if not the exact one) and to "rinse their eye," as we say in French slang, with the beauty of the harem ladies, their Eastern fastuousness and Western fastness—I wonder whether the parallel leaps to their mind between the case of Afgar and his wives and Pierre Loti's "Désenchantées," which was partly historical.

Of course, it is only proper, right, and natural that man and woman should never be satisfied, dissatisfaction being the best spur to civilisation—such as war, new frocks, and divorce courts. Satisfaction means stagnation; and is there ever, I ask you, such rut and routine as that of happiness? So that Afgar's wives, who had the rut and routine without the happiness, were quite justified in striking.

That spirit of dissatisfaction in the Eastern women is a good sign; when they have the choosing of their mates, it is to be hoped that they will not show themselves so easily satisfied as we women of Western countries. For we who have long had freedom of choice, see *what* we choose! Is it always he who can thrill us, or he who can give us a good time? Is it the Apollo, or the successful business man? Is it he who can be the father of fine children, or

he who can provide us with Rolls-Royces and Mayfair mansions? Is it the young man with aspirations, dreams, and subtlety of brain whom we promise to love and obey, or the middle-aged man, conveniently stupid—except at figures, corners, and trusts? Is it the athlete we choose for a mate, he of the broad shoulders and powerful build—or do we not put up with the bald and gouty if he has power of rank or finance? And it is no use arguing that we don't choose, that we merely accept or refuse: your wife, and Bernard Shaw, know better! I do not say that it is usual for a woman to manœuvre a man under the anæmic palm in the far end of the conservatory, slip her arm around his waist, and stammer in a husky voice, "I say, Reggie, dear old bean, don't you think we'd hit it off toppingly together? Let's skip to that beastly Registrar round the corner before my mater and your pater get the wind up!" Neither do I suggest that even a less advanced young woman would be likely to call on the parents of her chosen one, and, after some decent delay, dallying with the hottest topic of the day, come out with something like this, "You may be aware, dear Mrs. Pimpleton, that I have formed a very deep attachment to your sweet Reginald, and that nothing could make me happier than to obtain

broken leg; I can wash the floor and be photographed at the same time; I can build a haystack while smoking a cigarette without any conflagration to speak of; I can knit jumpers for soldiers, which will be handy for the next war; I jazz; I have the best recipes for cocktails, collected at first-hand from numerous American officer friends; I am a member of three of the smartest night-clubs in town; and I have, of course, acted for the films."

I am afraid the charming frankness of such tactics is still far from our conventional etiquette; but, without having to say all those things, any girl worth her sugar can have them said to her. When a man is so wary as to avoid proposing to her, be sure that he would not marry her even if she proposed to him! So where would the advantages be of taking the offensive, so to speak?

The grouching wives of Afgar were not, by the way, grouching at being down-trodden, as is so often the case in our unromantic West. No; they complained they were not down-trodden enough!

Still, Afgar's wives looked remarkably well on it. Delysia, in her gold-and-green apparel of the first scene, was a houri-esque (new word) vision. Marie Burke, better to "enter into the skin of the personage," had tanned her own to the semblance of a Spanish beauty; her artistic conscience was rewarded, however, for she looked extremely alluring, tan and all—sallow, but sweet. As for Meum Stewart, as Badoura, in one of the most marvellous creations of M. Poiret, she was indescribably lovely.

M. Paul Poiret (who on the first night was seated a few places from me, flanked by his two charming mannequins—both brunettes and both smartly dressed) must have felt very proud of the collection of wonderful dresses due to his inventiveness. I do not remember ever having seen a more amazing display of beautiful stuffs, beautifully manipulated. As for the head-dresses, they would have made even Chinese idols feel envious! The stage of the Pavilion is like the camp of the Cloth of Gold spread for His Majesty—the Public.

Talking of houris and other captivating creatures, I was privileged the other day to hear a delightful Goblin Dance which the whimsical composer Dudley Heathcote has written for Mona Vivian, the clever little niece of Sir Reginald Brade. You may remember her instantaneous success at the Pavilion in "As You Were." She is now rehearsing that dance, which will be in pantomime, and for which she will wear a goblin dress copied from one of Lady Margaret Sackville's quaint toys. It should be quite an artistic treat.



BACK IN LONDON: THE PRINCESS OF PLESS.

The Princess of Pless is the Duchess of Westminster's sister, and was Miss Mary Theresa Olivia Sackville-West. Her marriage took place in 1891.

Photograph by L.N.A.

his hand. I may add that I could keep him in comfort if he keeps me in luxury. I manage servants magnificently, when I can get them; I can drive a car, when I have petrol; I can bandage a



RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM BRUSSELS: THE COUNTESS DE KERCHOVE, WIFE OF THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE BELGIAN EMBASSY.

The Countess was Mlle. Marguerite Maskens, and is the daughter of M. Fernand Maskens. Her husband is the fourth Count de Kerchove de Denterghem.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## SOCIETY PORTRAITURE BY THE CAMERA: A NEW EXAMPLE.



WELL KNOWN IN THE GREAT WORLD: LADY DALMENY.

We give a new portrait of the popular Lady Dalmeny. At the same time, we would take the opportunity to correct an error in our issue of Sept. 17, which we much regret. We said then, under a snapshot reproduced on page 397, that it showed Lord and Lady Dalmeny in the paddock at Doncaster. Lady Dalmeny's

solicitors, Messrs. J. D. Langton and Passmore, tell us that this description was incorrect; that Lady Dalmeny was not at Doncaster; and that the photograph is not one of her. Needless to say, we express our regret for any annoyance which may have been caused Lady Dalmeny.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]









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Face Powder, 9½d. and 1/4;	Dental Cream, 1/4;
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Toilet Cream, 1/3; Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;	Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
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## SILK AND SCARLET.

WHILST one must approve of anything that will impress upon those who have thrown down a deliberate challenge to duly constituted authority that we are not as hard hit as they imagine, I find that there are a good many people who entirely agree with Lord Northcliffe that the decision to hold the Newmarket First October Meeting last week was a mistake. Personally, I think it will be wiser to mark time till we see how the cat is going to jump. I observe that the "Special Commissioner" of the *Sportsman*—who, whatever may be the sentiments of the Northcliffe Press towards racing, cannot be accused of not having its interests very close to his heart—also agrees that it would have been better in the present circumstances if the Stewards of the Jockey Club had waited. Without being in any way an alarmist, and without having the slightest doubt as to which side is going to win in this fierce fight to a finish, I think that anyone taking a broad view of the facts must arrive at only the one conclusion—namely, that we are up against something quite different from the situation which confronted us during the war. If all racing had been stopped for the period of the war, it would have meant the total destruction of a great national industry, and irreparable loss in a branch of our trade in which we hold—and have always held—the pre-eminent position. This "civil war" is something quite different. It cannot be of long duration, but while it lasts it is far more serious than any blockade which Germany was able to impose upon us. The main, the only question is to keep the nation—and in the nation I include the livestock—alive. I do not say that holding a meeting at Newmarket with the horses which are on the spot is calculated *per se* to be detrimental to this object; but, as we all know, if there is a race-meeting people other than those who are actually on the spot will go to it, however much we may pretend that they will not. We are forced to conserve every drop of petrol that we have to meet a very big crisis; we are forced to devote every square foot of "cargo" capacity to the transport of the very necessities of life. It is for this reason that I think we should all have marked time and concentrated upon the one main objective—the supply and transport of food.

There is, of course, the other question whether the holding of these meetings at Newmarket is fair to the owners whose horses are not on the spot and who could not hope for any facilities for getting

them there. As has been pointed out in some of the comments of the racing correspondents of our contemporaries, this "blockade" came upon us so suddenly that the "Provincial" owners had no chance at all of making arrangements for getting to the scene of action independently of the railways—and very few of them indeed possess motor transport for their horses. I should think that the owners who do could be counted upon the fingers of one hand without a great deal of difficulty.

Even if the majority had possessed road transport, there is the further question of stabling accommodation, and the still wider problem of feed for a big influx of horses at one centre. This latter, I think, is a problem of very considerable importance in view of the possible developments of the future, for no one could surely be so foolish as to argue that, even if we manage to defeat the revolutionaries by the organisation of a big volunteer army of transport workers, we are out of the wood. Any railway man or transport officer knows what even a few hours' stoppage means in accumulations. I believe the wiser and safer plan is to avoid concentration of masses of either human beings or livestock at any particular spot, and so to avoid overstraining the normal resources of any given centre. The problem of feeding London would, I take it, have been considerably more difficult if everyone had swarmed into it from every town within a fifty-mile radius.



VOLUNTEERS DURING THE STRIKE: "STABLE-GIRLS" WHO TENDED RAILWAY HORSES.

Photograph by Photopress.

It would seem to be somewhat useless even to discuss future racing at the moment, for, even if the strike has been broken by the time that these notes are in print, the view taken is that traffic for necessities will have become so congested that any other traffic will be very seriously prejudiced, if not impossible.

The most serious blow to racing as a business is the interference which has been caused with the Newmarket October bloodstock sales; and how serious a blow this is to one of the country's most profitable industries may be gauged by the prices which were realised at the recent Doncaster Sales. How heavy this loss is to owners and breeders of bloodstock, and therefore to the industry as a whole, can be judged by the



DUMB SUFFERERS, LEFT BY THE STRIKERS, RELIEVED BY OUTSIDE HELP: VOLUNTARY WORKERS FEEDING AND WATERING RAILWAY HORSES.

Reproduced from the Drawing in the "Illustrated London News."

fact that at Doncaster the average price was well over 900 guineas. But this is naturally only one of the departments in which the trade of the country must suffer as a result of this revolutionary strike, and, though it is not my business to discuss this aspect of the upheaval in these notes, the point scarcely needs emphasis. Whether we can now say with any certainty that there will be

(Continued on page 6.)



"I received the pearl necklace safely yesterday, and I am exceedingly pleased with it. It is really quite indistinguishable from a real rope I have."

"I am in receipt of the necklet which arrived this morning, for which many thanks. It is in perfect condition and the pearls are all that you claim for them, and I am truly delighted."

"The ring and brooch have already been admired by several of my friends. I think them a wonderful copy of the real pearls, and marvelously cheap in price."

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"Your pearls arrived to-night and I am more than delighted with them. My friends were guessing the price of them, and they ranged from five guineas to twenty-six guineas."

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## THE BEGINNINGS OF AERIAL MAILS.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison; and, conversely, what is poison to one man may be an excellent stimulant to another. The common or railway strike is a pretty poisonous affair so far as most businesses and business men are concerned, but it has been a very useful stimulant for Civil Aviation. This "devastating Peace," as Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman prophetically called it more than a year before the cataclysm befell, has nearly proved the death of the Aircraft Industry. In fact, but for artificial feeding in the way of making motor-cars, motor-bicycles, furniture, scooters, and such things, most of the aeroplane firms would have expired decently some months ago. But now the Big Strike and the possibilities of other strikes seem likely to help aircraft in general, and aeroplanes in particular, to a new lease of life. The industry may still need a good deal of the aforesaid artificial feeding for a while, but the stimulant has given it a turn in the right direction.

## All the Year Round.

In other words, the business community, and even Government departments, are beginning to find that the aeroplane is a practical vehicle which may be of use all the year round, and not merely in case of emergency. The aeroplane people have been trying to prove it for months past, and their proof has been fairly convincing. For example, Air Transport and Travel, Ltd.—Mr. Holt Thomas's gigantic concern—which is so excellently managed by General Festing, has been running a regular daily London-Paris passenger and parcel service with Airco-De Havilland machines for two months; and in that time only one machine failed to start owing to bad weather, and only one failed to reach its destination inside schedule time owing to a mechanical break-down. Also, as one mentioned some weeks ago, the Avro Company, who have been specialising on short-distance "joy-ride" flights—as differentiated from regular place-to-place services with goods and passengers—have taken up over 20,000 passengers at the Lancashire seaside resorts alone during the holiday months without an accident to a single (or married) passenger.

## Carrying the Mails.

That ought to have been enough to convince anybody that aeroplanes could be trusted to carry his Majesty's Mails. If any further proof were needed, it could have been found in the official reports of the

completed twelve months' running, and the report shows that not only was it so efficient that the failures to finish journeys were practically negligible, but that it actually saved the Postal Department 170,000 dollars (roughly, £34,000) on what the cost would have been if the same number of letters had been sent by rail under



NEWSPAPER DELIVERY BY AIR DURING THE STRIKE: LOADING A HANDLEY-PAGE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

the railway contract price. This is all the more surprising when one remembers that the aeroplanes (and American aeroplanes at that) were competing with the best railways, which run crack trains like the "Empire State Express" and the "20th Century Limited," and not with "State-owned" railways disorganised by war and still more disorganised by peace, nor with slow steam-boats with war-worn engines. But none of this was enough to convince our own Post Office people, for it will be remembered that comparatively recently Mr. Illingworth, our Postmaster-General, stated publicly that aeroplanes were so inefficient that the postal authorities could not feel justified in trusting them with postal contracts.

## A Profit on Letters.

Of course, the aerial transport firms would have been quite pleased to carry letters at their own risk and at their own price, if allowed to do so; and, no doubt, they would have made quite a paying job of it, for it is far cheaper to carry letters than passengers. Mr. Holt Thomas showed in a recent letter to the Press that one can get about £25 worth of letters into the space which would be occupied by a man who could not be expected to pay more than £15 for the London-Paris journey. But letter-carrying is a Government monopoly, so the aeroplane people could not make the experiment, much as they wished to do so.

## A Good Beginning.

Now, however, thanks to the strike, the Airco Line has been allowed to carry "urgent mails" to and from Paris. It is too soon at the time of writing to say how much success has attended the venture. All one knows is that for the first few days of the strike it was necessary to put on extra machines to carry all the extra freight. That, at any rate, is a good beginning. If the line does as well with the augmented service as it did with the "one-machine-a-day" experiment, it will be sheer imbecility on the part of the authorities to refuse it a regular mail contract for the future; and, if the London-Paris mail service becomes a regular thing, then there is no excuse to delay any more the establishment of lines between London and all the other capitals of Europe.



THE AIR MAIL-SERVICE DURING THE STRIKE: LOADING AN "AIRCO" WITH THE LETTERS FOR PARIS.

Photograph by S. and G.

United States Postal Department, which started an experimental mail service during the war between New York and Washington. After the Armistice this service was extended, with better machines and engines, to Chicago and Cleveland. A few weeks ago the service





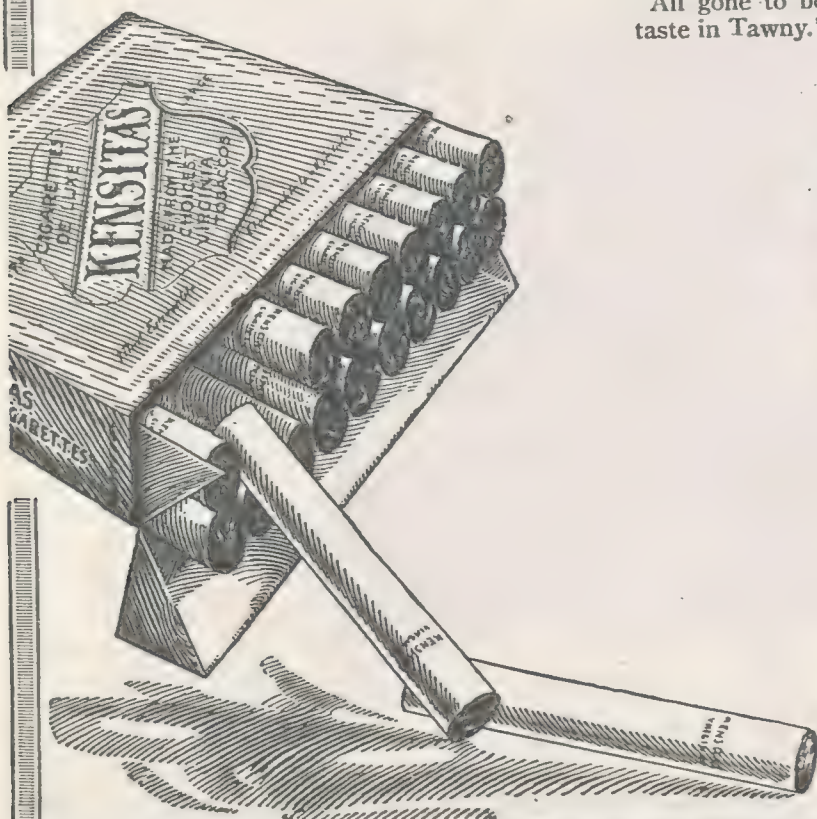
## The End of a Perfect (!) Day

*"There's only one thing  
as good as a Kensitas—  
that's another Kensitas."*

"Phew, what a day! Fourteen gentlemen staying in the house—all calling for Kensitas with their shaving water. Golf in the morning—thought I'd seen them all supplied, but was telephoned for from the club-house, 'Jenkyn, bring some more Kensitas along.' Rained in the afternoon—Bridge and Kensitas. Thought they'd never leave the billiard-room in the evening.

"All gone to bed now. Well, here's to Kensitas and his Lordship's taste in Tawny."

*Jenkyn*



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Extra Large  
Virginia Cigarettes

20 for 1/4

50 for 3/3      100 for 6/4

*Of all High-class Tobacconists.*

See the name on every box and cigarette.

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## THE MOTORIST SAVES THE COUNTRY.

By GERALD BISS.

WE live in striking times indeed, my merry masters and fellow-sufferers; and each week they appear to grow more striking still. Yet the "Great Auk" looks sagacious and professorial and cries in the industrial wilderness: "Produce, produce, lest the ravening Yank devour you and your factories and the skilled labourers without your doors. In order to ginger you up, all ye British manufacturers, I have cast you to the invading Yank; and let it be a good lesson to you, and damn the expense!" So, as the Hun hath it; and then the railway strike on top of everything else, Labour eating Labour to its own and the national despoil; but the cry is: "Produce, produce, for Olympia is at hand, and the public are growing impatient."

**Tweedle-Auk and Tweedle-Eric.** What one Brother Geddes loses on the swings, the other gets on the roundabouts, and under this strange rule of Tweedle-Auk and Tweedle-Eric, you don't know where you are, like the fellow in the classical song. Fact is, the poor bally motorist, who is bumped from pillar to post, is very much in the position of erstwhile Thomas Atkins according to Kipling. "Stink-pot" and "road-hog," pest to be legislated against and put through it in every way; get-off-the-earth abomination and everything else offensive in the green tongue; but when the striking begins, it's a case of "Mr. Motorist" here, and "Good Sir Automobilist" there, "will you, won't you come and break the strike?"—"saviour of 'is country, when the guns begin to shoot." First the Government calls the motorist everything under the sun, and then it calls for motor volunteers!

And with their great and ever-proven patriotism, sportsmen ever whatever their faults, they turn out in their legions, ready to see it through. Last February, as I wrote in these columns, both the R.A.C. and the A.A. were appealed to to assist with their members and their organisations, and were ready when things collapsed, but it left the cadre of an emergency organisation to hand.

## On the Great North Road.

Anyhow, the first night after Didymus had doubted the Premier's good faith, past my house on the Old North Road rumbled for three hours a ceaseless chain of lorries, reminiscent of Verdun, bound on gastronomic errands far and wide; and the next day, Sabbath as it was, the road was ablaze with motor-craft of all sorts and conditions, while the local station stood

shamefaced, like some silent charnel-house. And since? Motors, motors everywhere and food to eat. Had this syndicalistic, red-flagged blow been struck two decades ago, it would have won prompt success by creating general paralysis, the climax of a diseased system. Was it not J. R. Green who said words to the effect that anyone had only to seize the railways for thirty miles round London to dictate his terms? And then the auto came, begotten outside the law and born in abuse, and the whole vital situation changed. Yet there are those who doubt that the motor industry is a "key" industry, and lay it open to unrestricted attack from all quarters, trusting to luck for the future. Of all folk surely Tweedle-Eric and Tweedle-Auk should fall upon their bended knees and recant their heresies against the automobile, the one affording timely protection from without, the other protection by law and encouragement upon the roads under his new command? But, though the fight will be won, as I doubt not that it will be won, by the mobility of the motor, I doubt not, at the same time, that within the shortest space of *volte-face* it will once more be "road-hog" and "stink-pot," "Motor-get-out-of-the-railroads'-way," and "Produce, produce, or I'll put the Yanks on to twist your tails"—the history of ingratitude is ever repeating itself. But, thank God, the motorist proper continues to play the game.

The Strike and Olympia. And what about impending

Olympia? It takes many things beyond a few isolated exhibits to make an epoch-marking show. Transport plays a big, essential

part, and many trades, all interrupted or going canny, play their own essential parts in the successful whole. The time is short, and, if this present railway strike lasts, it may upset the best-laid plans of motor manufacturers and men, and make them go agley. This last week I, for the moment side-tracked, was prevented from going to visit the new Napier "40-50," the post-war super-model upon which this famous firm is banking, brought to fruition after many months of work interrupted and retarded by every difficulty. Afterwards it had been planned to hold high festival, with butter in lordly dishes and unrationed baked meats;

but to such as got there, urban folk, it must have recalled the same restricted agape of war-time—war, this time, from within, and less easy to stomach.



A NEW 100-MILE MOTOR RECORD: GASTON CHEVROLET, WHO COVERED THE DISTANCE IN 54 MINUTES, 7½ SECONDS AT LONG ISLAND.

Photograph by Waterman.



HYDE PARK AS A REPAIR-SHOP DURING THE STRIKE: AT WORK ON A BROKEN-DOWN "VOLUNTEER" CAR.

The Government established a motor-repair depot in Hyde Park for the benefit of Government and "volunteer" vehicles.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]





*A batch of business letters  
—a settling down to your  
desk—a really strenuous  
afternoon—a welcome  
tinkle of teacups—a  
damsel with a tray—a  
sitting back with a sigh  
of relief—*

*and after that—  
a pipe of  
Bond of  
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do not yet know Dexter  
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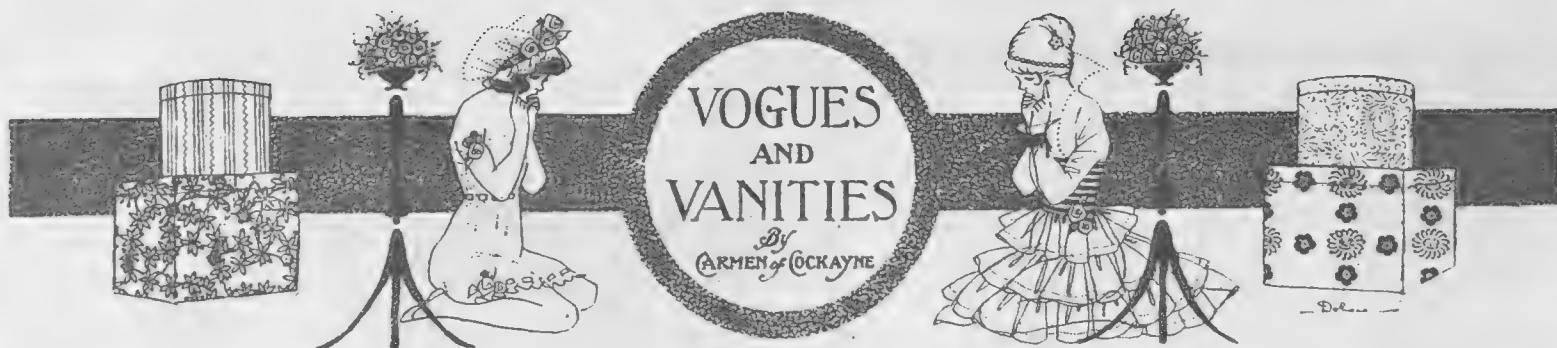
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### Nightie Notes.

Few things are less weighed down with the burden of their responsibilities than the modern nightie. Lately it's been developing tendencies towards a transparent frivolity that's calculated to shock beyond belief the supporters of longcloth and the adherents of honest flannel or flannel-ette. To speak plainly, the general principle on which the experts in nighties seem to act is the one that it's possible to have too much of a good thing; and, as waste is unpatriotic, they're determined to avoid being suspected of the sin. It wouldn't be correct to say that the better the nightie the less there is of it; but it is a fact that the very best specimens are of a delicacy and thinness that has to be seen to be believed.

### Brave Women.

Women are courageous creatures. If they weren't, how could any member of the sex entrust the responsibilities that belong to a nightdress to a garment of the kind Dolores has sketched to-day? What is not pale periwinkle-blue ninon is fine, parchment-tinted, cobweb-like lace, and the ribbon girdle is the most substantial thing about it. Like many other good things of its kind, it's to be found in the lingerie salons at Harrods, in Brompton Road, where the woman desirous of learning all about undies should go and see it for herself.



*It is not necessary to be in Russia to wear a cap like the above, and one is never too old to like it.*

### Not Fulfilled.

Was there or was there not someone who wrote gaily about the decline of women's love for frumpies after the war? I seem to remember a statement to the effect that women, having come "into contact with realities, will for ever bid farewell to the frivolities which they have hitherto accepted as being part and parcel of the serious business of life." There was a good deal more, and the sum of it was that women were never, never going to care too deeply about dress again, and would turn a blind eye on smart undies for ever. But, of course, nothing of the kind has happened. Women are just as keen—in fact, keener—on frocks and frills and thrills than ever they were, and the less there is to them the more excited they become.

**The Ban Lifted.** Now that it's no longer "improper" to wear pyjamas, and bifurcated garments are not a recognised advertisement for qualities vaguely known as "not quite nice," slumber-suits are assuming new, fresh, and delightful forms. It's only

*Ninon and lace lightly hung together—result: all that the modern woman asks from her nightgown.*

when one comes to examine, the feminine variety that one realises the vast difference that lies in a name. It seems almost sacrilegious, when one thinks of the masculine garments translated in terms of

striped flannel, or even figured silk, to apply the term pyjamas to ethereal creations in filmy crêpe-de-Chine, or soft blue silk, or even triple ninon. Some of them may have a blue bird for luck worked on the front; others have a band of contrasting colour at the neck; lots of them are cut in one width—it may be a band of smocking or a bar of insertion at the waist instead of following the usual coat-and-trousers brand. It's just this kind of thing that helps a woman to bear up at the end of a perfect day.

### Expressed in Fancy.

Coloured lingerie and rainbow nightgowns have no longer the novelty of newness. It may be that someone can still be found misguided enough to express their views on the decadence that's signified by the prevalence of the pink pyjama or the popularity of the puce petticoat. But these people are the exception. White is no longer the only wear in underclothes, and, with all the colours of the rainbow at his disposal, the artist in *dessous* is chiefly concerned with finding novel methods of decoration. One of them—the hand-painted nightie, with its attendant chemise, etc.—deserves a note to itself. Imagine to yourself the becoming effect of bunches of pale blue-bells or forget-me-nots posed artistically about such garments. The flower can be varied, provided one gives due notice, to suit the taste of the wearer; and, since people who wear these things can afford to snap their fingers on the size of cleaners' bills, the more one has of them—the nighties and things, not the bills—the merrier.

### Another Way.

Another way of adding to the charm of modern *dessous* is the introduction of printed materials in an otherwise plain garment. For instance, at Harrods, what some might regard as the monotony of plain white crêpe-de-Chine is relieved by the introduction at the sleeves, neck, and on the "Empire" top of bands of printed silk. In a white model the bands show a rose-and-black design against a white background, and the idea is capable of development in a number of different ways.

### Still Popular.

No description of modern lingerie would be complete without a mention of the sheer linen and lawn garments to which so many women remain faithful in spite of every inducement to the contrary. After all, there's nothing like fine linen trimmed with real Valenciennes lace and hand-drawn embroidery for coming up smiling in spite of repeated attacks at the hands of laundry "ladies," whose object seems to be to destroy rather than freshen and renew. As an alternative, there are many examples of fine Madeira work in the salons in Brompton Road, where the main object of the authorities seems to be to suit as many tastes and purses as possible.

### Boudoir Caps.

These are just as tantalising and varied as lingerie, and, since they can be shown to an admiring world without undue impropriety, have a special interest. The sketches on this page give some idea of their charm and becoming qualities, a close acquaintance with which can easily be acquired by a personal inspection.



*Net and lace and black ribbons cunningly assembled form an attractive boudoir cap.*



*The artist in boudoir caps likes to be as original as possible, hence the above in frills of net and a black bow.*





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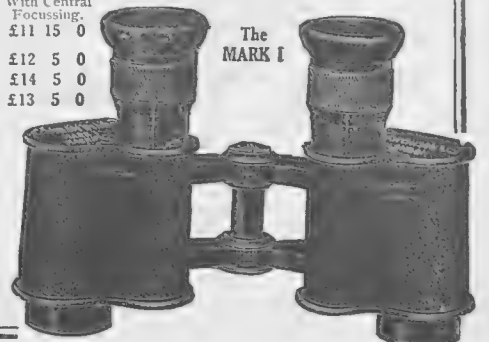
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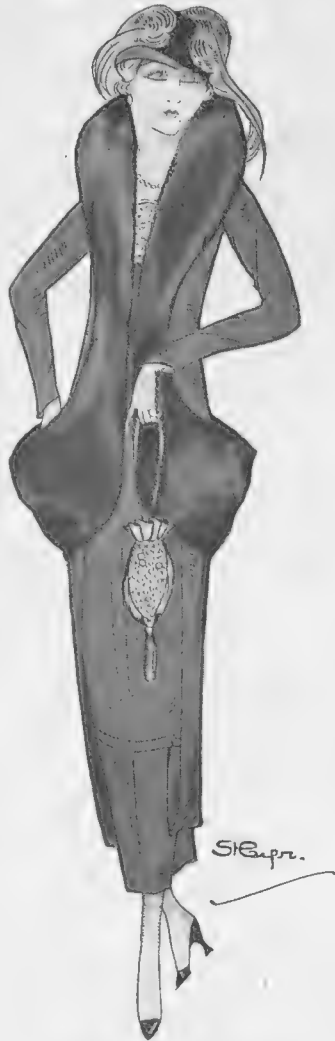


## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

**In Strike Time.** For most women life in London in strike time resolved itself into a dreary time of fighting one's way along crowded pavements and crossing streets infested with ten times as many dangers as in normal times. There were plenty of people who criticised the woman shopper, though candidly I find it hard to agree with their confident conclusion that such women were deliberately thoughtless and selfish. After all, women do not court discomfort for pleasure, and, if one thing is more certain than another, it is that the majority of shoppers went about their business not because they liked it, but because the business simply had to be got through.

**Old Habits.** Judging by the streets, numbers of people, both men and women, reverted to the bicycle habit. There were some machines sufficiently ancient in appearance to suggest that they had been enjoying a long period of rest. Many people tackled the problem of how to get to business with more enthusiasm than common-sense. How the girls and women ever had the "nerve" to stand on the back of some male friend's machine and brave the dangers of more than usually congested traffic is something I'm still trying to understand.

**Carrying On.** Entertaining stories—and pictures—of Society in the unaccustomed rôle of stoker, greaser, engine-driver, carriage-cleaner, and so forth afforded some relief from the really very grim character of the situation. Lady Drogheda was credited with being up and about conveying food of some sort at the early hour of 4 a.m. It's only fair to add that her Ladyship stood the strain remarkably well, and looked very fresh and cool hours after her exploit. It is also fair to say that early rising is no new experience for her energetic Ladyship. During the war, if my memory is not at fault, she was often up betimes at the markets collecting for some flag-day enterprise, and I rather think she was connected with a voluntary ambulance service that took the road during the raids. I'm open to correction, but a member of the body referred to assured me that he had personal knowledge of Lady Drogheda's pluck under bomb fire.



An autumn costume of marron duvelyn, trimmed with fur. The skirt panels are new and interesting.

**Why Throw Mud?** I must confess to very little sympathy with the attacks being made on the Women's Legion—a fine body of women who have done splendid service during the war. It is illogical, to say the least of it, to attack the drivers for taking out touring-cars for joy-rides. One would think, from what people write, that women do it to please themselves. A very little thought, however, would surely make the critics realise that the drivers act under military orders, and when an officer commands, all that the rank-and-file can do is to obey. To write of the women as if they were hanging on to jobs that no longer require doing simply because they don't want to be "demobbed" is a particularly mean calumny.

**Will They Go?** It will be interesting to see whether the action of one of the Overseas Governments of offering a free third-class passage to girls desirous of emigrating will tempt large numbers of women who have learned to be independent during the war to break new ground. So far, the number of Englishwomen who have emigrated on their own has been short of requirements. On the whole, girls in this country are too prone to accept the sweeping assertion made by some older and more conservative person that "life in such and such a Dominion is not fit for a woman." What's sauce for John has not been considered sauce for Joan. But Joan has learnt to "sit up and take notice" on her own account during the last

[Continued overleaf.]

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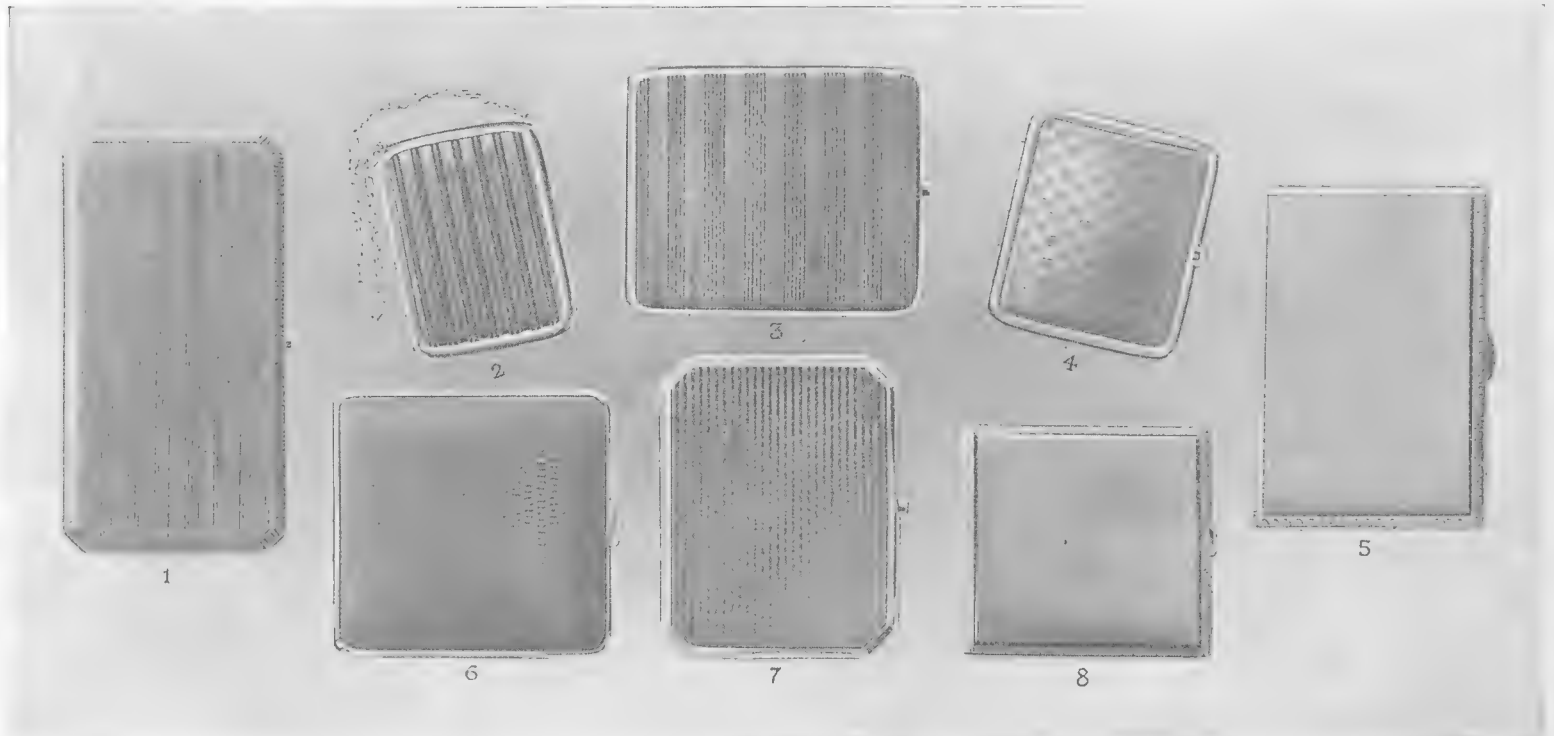
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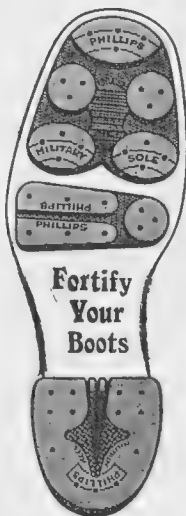
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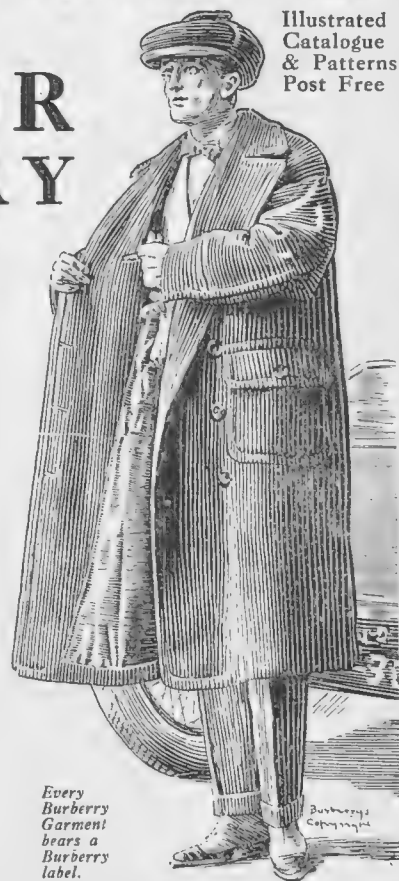
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In the case of INFLUENZA an ounce of prevention is worth several tons of cure. Use MILTON as a preventive—because if once the germ gains lodgment you are in for serious trouble. You may get a cure, or pneumonia, or many other things—or a funeral.

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You can avoid it—easily—simply.

Milton as a germ-killer is many times more effective than Carbolic Acid. But you can use Milton for throat, for nose, on food, in scores of ways, with complete satisfaction, as thousands are doing daily. During the last deadly epidemic thousands of people found complete immunity from Flu, even when surrounded by infection; by using MILTON. If the thousands who succumbed to its dread visitation had known of MILTON (and used it) they would have been here to-day. You don't want to join them just yet? Then don't get Influenza; you can avoid it.

### How is it done?

Don't let Influenza overtake you—keep ahead of it. It is so easy, so simple, so certain. The germ of Influenza enters the body only through the nose or throat, and in no other way. It lodges in the nostrils or the mouth, and presently is swallowed or inhaled into the system; or you may swallow it with your food.

### The Chief Precaution

Add a teaspoonful of MILTON to a tumbler of water (tepid or warm if available, but cold will do), or in that proportion. Wash the mouth out with this and gargle the throat two or three times daily, particularly before breakfast and before meals; but any time is good. And spray or snuff some of the mixture up the nostrils twice a day or oftener. (Incidentally, this will cure your cold in the head if you have one.) Any form of sprayer or atomiser is suitable.

### Another Precaution

Make your food safe against Flu infection. Food can be rendered safe (and fresher) by adding Milton to water (a table-spoon to the pint, or in proportion), and washing meat, poultry, game, fish, vegetables, or fruit in it before cooking. The natural taste of the food is toned up, and there will be no smell of cooking in the house (isn't that wonderful?), but the important point is, that Flu or other germs on the food are exterminated.

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Spray the house, the workroom, the shop, the factory, the hall, the church, with Milton. The effect of this in reducing infection astonishes bacteriologists. Read the surprising facts in the little panel at the foot.

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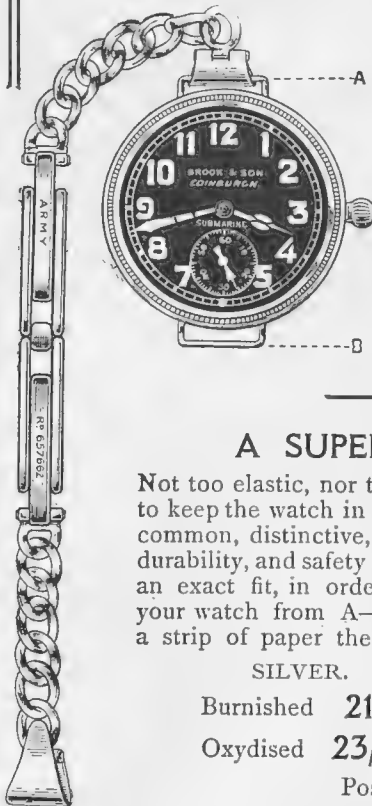
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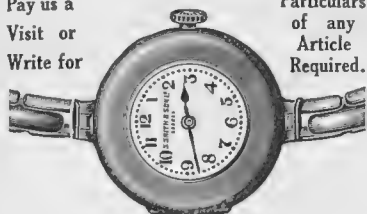
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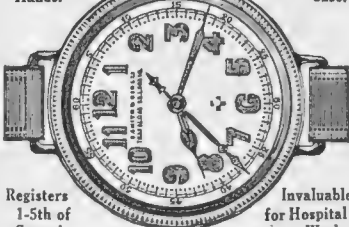


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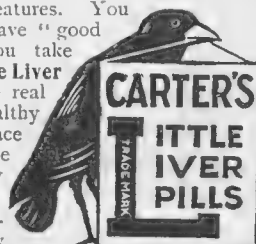
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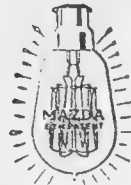
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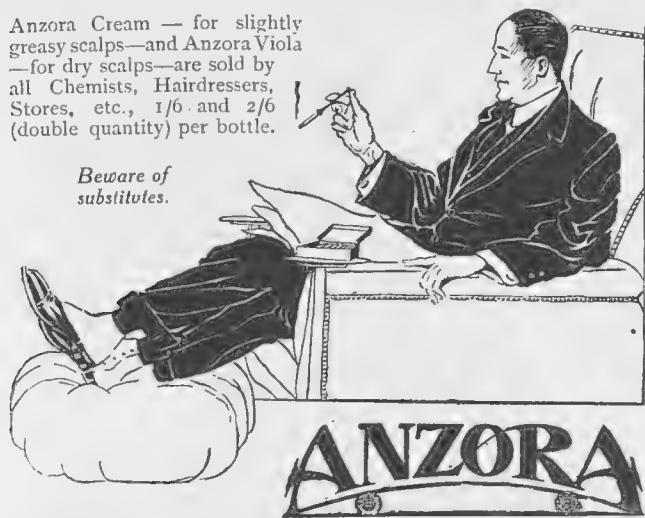
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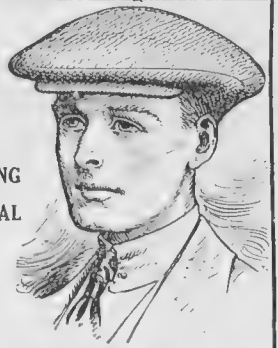
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No. C84. Camisole in good  
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# The Disclosures of Dorothy

No. 4.—CONCERNING THEATRE-GOING.



THERE'S a lull in problem plays just now. I remember a time—just before the war—when it was hardly safe to go to a theatre. If you had tears you went prepared to shed them—over a problem *à trois*, with all the wit that our French cousins impart to this recurrent trouble removed, and its place filled up with Blue Book and psychology.

If you were wise you didn't listen. The gallery was full of serious people in brogues who listened enough for the rest of the theatre.

Really, there hasn't been room for any minor problems during the war. And now it's over maybe we've learned that there are things harder to be endured than a husband who *will* jeer at poets, or a wife who pawns the family jewels to pay her bridge debts.

Which reminds me that I met a man the other day who complained that he couldn't enjoy modern plays because they weren't like life. Funny fellow! As if there wasn't quite enough real life about without finding it on the stage when you're out looking for enjoyment.

Of course, if you feel like that, there's always a theatre somewhere—if you don't mind travelling miles and miles in tubes to Garden Suburbs—where you can be properly serious and uplifted. Spiritual refreshment it's called, I think. Not that there's ever any other kind at a high-brow theatre.

But I don't think that most of us will ever take ourselves so seriously again. Gallant youth—that would not take even death seriously—taught us to laugh at life. Pity if we forgot the lesson now.

One of the queerest of all the queer, mad things in war-time England was the attitude of certain persons who reproved—yes, actually reproved—our soldier-men for crowding to see plays at which they could laugh, and our frivolous selves for encouraging them. The certain persons are still with us and still reproving. One of them, writing to the papers the other day, remarked bitterly that a theatre nowadays was little better than a dress parade. Without going so far as that, I confess that I take at least as much pleasure in studying the gowns—on and off the stage—as I do in the play itself. Who doesn't want to look her very best on the first nights of the first Victory Autumn Season, with no "last day of leave" to tighten the heart strings and set a sharp edge on the laughter?

It's not so easy to look one's best in the theatre. The merciless lights during the entr'acte and the glamour of the stage make our ordinary selves seem just a shade—common-place, perhaps. There is a real art in dressing so as to overcome these little things.

Nothing reveals the weak points of an unsatisfactory corset so clearly as sitting in it for a comparatively long time. I've noticed that! There's never any weak points in mine: The line of a La Vida Corset is perfect, whether you're standing or sitting or jazzing. I can criticise other people's dresses or devote my attention to the play in the complacent knowledge that there are no unsightly ridges or awkward curves in my toilet. It's most comfortin', 'sure you.

Try it for yourself. Go and buy a La Vida to-day—but let me warn you. You'll not be content with one.

P.S.—Pretty well any drapery house of repute can fit you with a La Vida Corset, but if you *should* experience any difficulty, just send a line to the Manageress (Fitting Dept.), "La Vida" Corsets, 23, London Wall, London, E.C.2, and she'll tell you the name of the Agent nearest your place.



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(2)

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*Continued.*  
few years, and it's unlikely that she will relapse into the old habit of abiding by what someone else says. The unknown, as she has learnt by experience, is not really so terrible as imagination sometimes makes it, and, given sufficient capital, Englishwomen will, I imagine, be quite as keen to carve out a career for themselves overseas as their men-folk. For the benefit of anxious-mammas, I would add that conditions are being carefully investigated, and two competent English women are to set out on a tour of inspection this autumn to study things at first hand.

**Active Again.** After a spell of holiday, the people at the Children's Jewel Fund are renewing their activities, and the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Henry, Lady Randolph Churchill, and others are planning money-getting schemes for the autumn and winter. Readers of this page do not need to be reminded of the national importance of the work carried on by the organisation on whose efforts the health of the future generation in a great measure depends.

**Owing to the Strike.** The train of ten bridesmaids that was to have followed Miss Eileen Meakin up to the altar on her wedding day had dwindled to six by the time the hour for the ceremony at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, arrived. The strike intervened, and held Miss



*Colours come and colours go; but a harmony of black and white is always smart. In this particular case it takes the form of white taffetas and black Chantilly lace.*

Prudence Jellicoe, Miss Joan Madden, Miss Violet Buchanan Jardine, and Master Cayzer prisoners in Scotland. Disappointment was keen, but was a little mitigated by the knowledge that the bridegroom's gifts—diamond arrow pins—would be given just the same.

**Tissue Trains.** The vogue for tissue trains still goes on, and Miss Meakin's—she is, by the way, Lady Cayzer now—of cloth-of-silver was draped with old Brussels lace caught with trails of orange-blossom. Each bride seems to plan some original feature for her retinue. In this case the garlands of rosebuds on blue ribbons held aloft by the child bridesmaids supplied the needful.

**Home Again.** Lady Gough must be glad to have her husband home again. Sir Hubert, debonair and dapper as ever, didn't look too worried at the prospect of a general hold-up when I saw him during the luncheon-hour at the Ritz last week. But then, Sir Hubert has the reputation of never looking anything else, and seemed perfectly cheery and confident during what must have been the very trying days that followed the affair with the Fifth Army, when, like so many other famous people in the field, he was the victim of a great deal of undeserved criticism from arm-chair critics who "didn't know."

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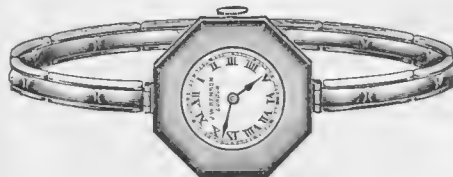


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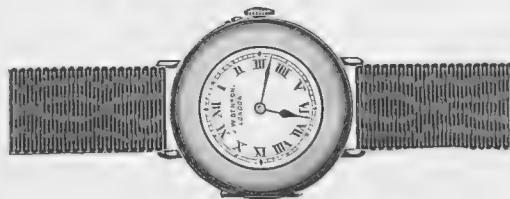
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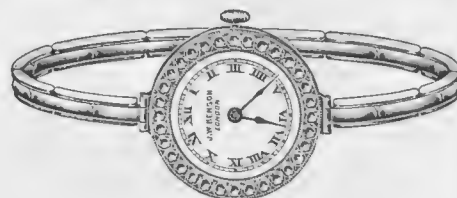


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# CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## THE COAL PROBLEM: ITS IMPORTANCE.

**E**VEN when we have settled our present Labour difficulties there remain other problems to be tackled, and among the most important is that of the coal output. Within the limits at our disposal it is impossible to do more than indicate the importance of coal to our economic position. Oil may be the fuel of the future, but coal is the mainstay of to-day. Cheap coal was the basis of England's commercial prosperity during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century; cheap and plentiful supplies have been the source of our success and our wealth ever since. It represented some 12 per cent. of our total exports, and without it we can never pay for our imports of food-stuffs and raw materials, nor can our country support its present population. Large coal exports at present would take the place of gold, which we can no longer send, and speedily restore our foreign exchanges.

The ramifications of King Coal are so bewildering that it seems almost impossible to marshal them into any sort of order. Light and heat and power are the three great essentials derived from coal; dyes, drugs, oils, and fertilisers are, perhaps, the most important subsidiary trades which depend on it for their being. On dye-stuffs largely depends our textile trade; and on fertilisers our husbandry. In fact, coal directly and indirectly permeates the whole structure of our civilised life.

## DEFECTS AT PRESENT.

Destructive criticism is not less effective because it is easy, and Mr. Smillie and his supporters find little difficulty in showing that there is much that is wrong with present methods. The subject can be divided roughly into three problems—transport, waste, and output. The difficulties of the last-mentioned make it all the more imperative that the more easily corrected defects of the other two should be dealt with.

Private ownership of railway wagons by something like a thousand different firms is responsible for a perfectly chaotic condition of affairs. Coal waiting to be moved, wagons in plenty near by, but they can't be used because they are somebody else's wagons! Forty hours is the average time during which a wagon is doing useful work in a whole year. Think of it!

During the war everybody had to draw their coal from the nearest coalfield, and this simple restriction effected a saving of

nearly three-quarters of a million ton-miles per annum. Obviously, there is room for improvement here, and transport is an important item in the cost of coal.

As a nation we are dreadfully behind-hand in the employment of by-products, so for years they have been wasted. Apart from the amount of coal consumed in the wasteful grates of our houses, estimates of loss owing to old-fashioned methods of coking are enormous—something like 13,000,000 gallons of benzol alone could have been recovered in 1913 by the use of modern ovens. But we are improving slowly.

Output is the most important problem of the three, and, although the figures have recently shown an improvement, they are not yet good enough, and costs are too high. Experts differ as to where the blame lies—probably the truth is that it must be shared by owners and miners alike. Until the question is boldly tackled and definitely settled it is useless to expect either miners to work their best or owners to install new machinery and methods.

## NATIONALISATION.

Although *The Sketch* is strictly non-political, we are going to risk a personal confession of abominable, hide-bound, uncompromising Tory sentiments; but the question of nationalising this great industry is so vital to the country that it must be considered from a non-political point of view. (We didn't mean sweepingly to condemn our whole political system, but—!)

If Nationalisation can really be shown to assure more coal and cheaper coal, no thinking man could hesitate to vote for it. Every man, woman, and child, whether rich or poor, would benefit. But—will it? No scrap of evidence, so far as we can see, has been brought forward to prove that it will. Evidence or guarantees on this one point are almost the only things required from advocates of this policy. Until they can produce them we shall continue to regard nationalisation of coal-mines (as somebody said about a second marriage) as "the triumph of hope over experience."

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CLUB.

"It strikes me as dull and dignified," said The Broker candidly, as he surveyed the room. "First time I've ever been here."

The Merchant, who was his host, led him to a table and begged a minute's grace while he went and collected the others.

Regular birthday party, what? laughed The City Editor, as they all exchanged greetings. "We've had some quaint experiences since last we met, eh?"

(Continued overleaf.)

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## Grand-pa has an inspiration every Saturday

Brings home a mysterious 'oval' parcel. All the family conscientiously wonder what's in it; except little Betty; she *can't* keep from licking her lips.

If you wish each week of the year to add to your popularity, take home weekly a Family Tin of this full-of-food Sweetmeat—made from lots of good things.

*Sold by confectioners everywhere in 4-lb. Family Tins and loose by weight.*



*Continued overleaf.*

They were all at it hammer-and-tongs immediately.

The Jobber suggested that the strike, its sequelæ, and all thereto appertaining should be placed out of bounds.

"For the period of this lunch, anyway," he continued. "We're all fed up with the whole business."

"Not a bad idea," The Merchant considered. "But, if this is taboo, what is there left to talk about?"

That floored them. The first course was taken almost in silence. Then The Jobber, cause of the trouble, felt called upon to strike out a new line of argument, only just skirting the forbidden ground.

"Bound to be very good for all foreign investments," he hazarded.

Nobody asked, "What was bound to be good?" The truce remained intact.

"Now that the Argentine railway companies are doing better," said The Engineer, "there should be good scope for improvement in the prices."

"The improvement has come," The Broker answered. "It's the long-shot business over again. We ought to have bought them a month ago, and all *would* have been lovely in the garden."

"And now it's too late?"

"I don't say that. But some of the gilt is off the gingerbread, that's all. Though I daresay the rise has a good deal farther to go even yet."

"My fancy leans to Kaffirs," said The Broker. "I can't help thinking—"

"Try, anyway," murmured The Jobber.

"—We shall see a good market there before Christmas."

"All you House chaps say Randfontein," objected The Engineer.

"Randfontein will go to two pounds a share," The Jobber declared.

"Being in the Rubber Market, your views on Randfontein are highly esteemed." The Broker did get a bit of his own back occasionally.

"My 'inf.' is too good for me to ignore," was the perfectly placid reply. "You may have to take them up, lock them up, tie them up, and forget them for a few months. But mark my words."

"I think Johnnies are worth watching. They pay decently, and there'll be a bonus some day as safe as warehouses. Distinctly worth watching."

"What's the use of saying that a thing is worth watching?" asked The Merchant mildly. "You brokers and you financial journalists love to say a thing is 'worth watching.' No cat ever caught a mouse just by watching."

"If I may be allowed to say so, mine excellent host, your simile

is a little unfortunate. The cat watches the mouse until she sees the moment has come for profitable operation, and then——"

"And a policeman watches a burglar for the most favourable time to nab him," added The Broker. "I remember when I was a Special Constable——"

"Oh, heavens!" groaned The Jobber. "Let's talk about the railway strike. It won't take so long."

"I can understand a broker or a newspaper advising people to watch for a favourable opportunity to buy certain things," said The Merchant. "But when is that favourable opportunity?"

"When the price is flat," three voices told him in unison.

"Which is exactly the time when nobody will buy," was the triumphant response. "And that's why I venture to submit that it is as useless as inadequate to tell the public to 'watch' anything."

The Jobber, not knowing what to say, helped himself to the cheese. And The Broker and City Editor were for once agreed—in that both pretended not to have heard.

The Engineer said that it was rather footling—at least, that's what it seemed to him—and then he asked for an opinion on raw rubber.

"As to that, I think we shall see it keep steady, with a slightly upward tendency for choice. But the early September boom in shares was premature, and prices are still high enough."

The Jobber crept cautiously out of his shell and observed that the market didn't look a bad one. "Overshadowed by Oil, of course."

"Can the Oil Market last for ever?"

"It will last very indefinitely," said The Broker with conviction. "It's had a series of magnificent advertisements out of the coal crisis; and on any real reaction the big shares are all worth——"

"Watching?" asked The Merchant, with a laugh. "Come on upstairs and have some coffee. You can tell us there what are the best shares to—watch. Waiter, my bill, please!"

Friday, Oct. 3, 1919.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

A. C.—The dividend has been maintained at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the last six years, and the financial position is sound.

HUNTSMAN.—(1) and (2) are quite good, but the remainder are unattractive. Ask a good Stock Exchange broker for advice.



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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES**

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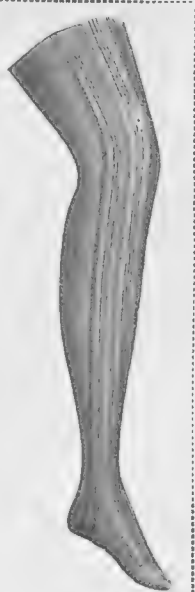
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In navy, silver, mole, saxe, amethyst, black, tan & nigger

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at foot hemstitched to  
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Crêpe-de-Chine in Black,  
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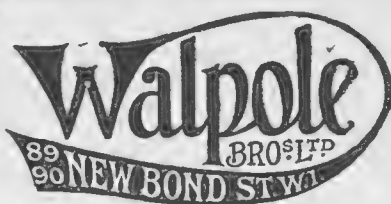
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Black, Ivory and vivid colours  
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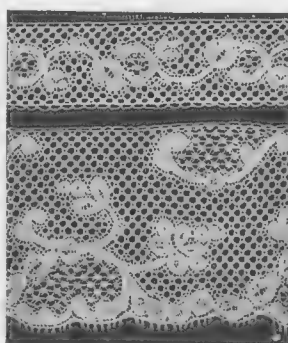
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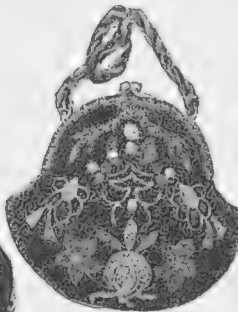
F. U. LOMONDE. Elegant Stole of  
natural Raccoon (as illustrated on right).  
The Skins are worked in such a way as  
to avoid showing the joins **39 Gns.**

Pillow Muff to match .. **19 Gns.**

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160

# Lotus

It was raining cats and dogs,  
as the saying goes, and they,  
Reynolds and Jackson,  
were off next day to Ireland,  
right out west to Ballybunion  
in Co. Kerry, for a solid fort-  
night's golf in old tweed suits  
and in comfortable though  
rather old shoes.

"Think we'd better," sug-  
gested Reynolds, "sportsome  
new shoes; you know how it  
rains over there."

"All right," agreed Jackson.

"I wish some genius would  
make really waterproof shoes,"  
continued Reynolds, "for  
after that bad turn last year

I'm always afraid of wet feet."

"He's arrived!"

"Who?"

"Your genius."

"Where?"

"Why, the Lotus people  
are now making waterproof  
golf shoes and waterproof  
shooting boots, too."

"Genuine?"

"Yes, I believe so, for I  
found their service boots abso-  
lutely waterproof in Flanders."

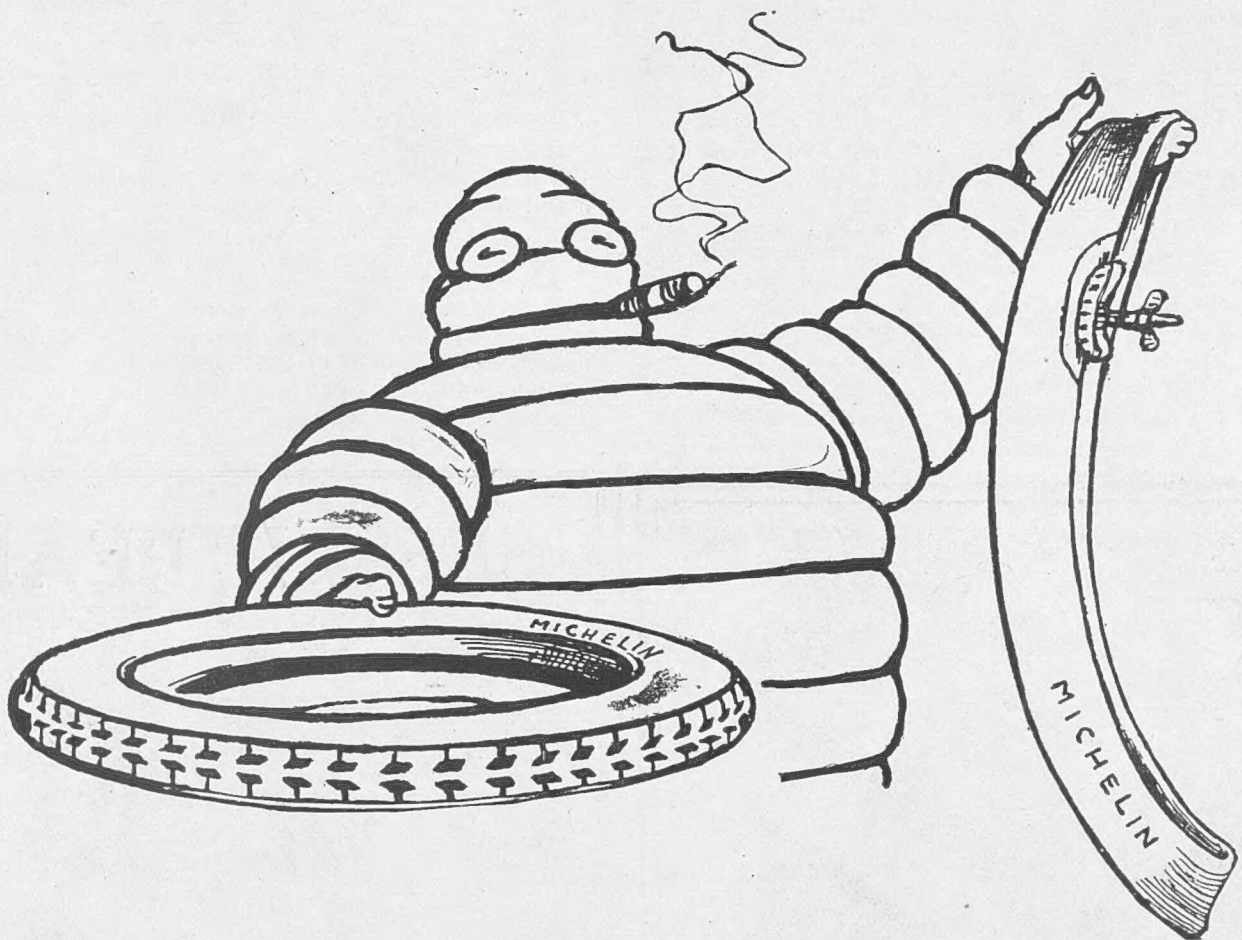
"Come on, then, let us take  
a pair each to Ballybunion."

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

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Agents everywhere



# MICHELIN TYRES



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in the Best of Covers.*

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Continued from page 62.

a Newmarket Second October Meeting and a Cesarewitch is debatable. This meeting will be only about a week to ten days off when these notes are published; and, if we imagine that the congestion caused by the strike will have been cleared off by then, I think we are supreme optimists. Personally, I shall be very surprised indeed if it has been; and, if it has not been, I think we should be foolish to expect that there will be any transport of any description available for either racehorses and their attendants or the general public to race-meetings. The blockade will have reduced some centres to very short commons where food is concerned, and, that being the case, everything will have to be subordinated to the revictualling of depleted food-magazines.



AN ARTISTE AT OVER A THOUSAND WAR CONCERTS: MISS GEORGIA DRAYSON.

Miss Drayson, the impressionist entertainer and English story-teller, a great favourite with London and provincial audiences, performed at over a thousand concerts for the "boys" in hospital and camp.

Photograph by Lacey.

As an instance of the unfairness to the "Provincial" owner, a colleague in the *Morning Post* very rightly pointed out the case of Major Astor. He had a more than rosy chance of winning the Jockey Club Stakes with Buchan, but had no chance at all of getting the horse to the meeting; and by the non-appearance of Buchan and his other horses, he was mulcted in a sum of £151 for forfeits. But Major Astor, even though £151 is not exactly a consideration to him, is only an example which demonstrates the cases of many other Provincial owners.

There is another matter which may very shortly become an acute anxiety—namely, the feeding of not only racehorses, but of all live-stock. In most racing stables stocks are never

very large—at any rate, not large enough to withstand a prolonged "siege," and, with no immediate prospect of replenishment, the outlook is not particularly encouraging. One has no desire to wear the mantle of Jeremiah, but the facts must be faced, and the facts are that this lightning strike has found everyone excepting the Government unprepared, the private individual having no idea that things would come to the pass which they have unfortunately done.

In London racing circles it was predicted on Monday last week that the strike would not last more than a few days, and that opinion was formed purely upon a handicapping basis. It was argued that the Government and the people had a good 21 lb. in hand, and that they could afford to give away a stone and still win handsomely at the distance. This is certainly the common-sense view, for in a long-distance race the better handicapped horse has unquestionably a great advantage, because he has a lighter weight to carry over the journey. This is exactly the position where the nation is concerned. It has mobilised quickly against the horse Mad Dog, by Bolshevik out of Revolution. I am backing the horse whose name is Common Sense, by John Bull out of True Blue. I am confident that I am on a winner, however bad the country and however stiff the fences.

Purely for the sake of preserving continuity, and not because one feels very reassured regarding the future, a few notes upon the happenings of the immediate past must be written. Last week we did not want for incident. Golden Melody's win, for instance,

[Continued overleaf.]



TO GIVE A RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL ON THE 14TH: MISS DORA GIBSON. Miss Dora Gibson, the dramatic soprano, has just returned from the United States, where she was a prima-donna with the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

Photograph by Reville.

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Continued.]

made him look like a good thing for the Cesarewitch, for after his Goodwood performance, when he ran up to Haki, he beat two good stayers in Ivanhoe and Happy Man, and beat them convincingly, even though Ivanhoe did not have a smooth passage and was somewhat badly bumped. Then there was Silver Bridge's win at Newbury in the Autumn Cup (2 miles 1 furlong), beating the much-fancied Langdon Hills pointless. This, it is true, entails a 10 lb. penalty on the winner, bringing her weight to a pound more than Langdon Hills' in the big race; but that will not stop her, and she beats him for a certainty wherever the pair finish. And then there is Unitoi, who was left at the post in this race. The Stewards carpeted Lane for not going on in pursuit, even though Unitoi was turned the wrong way when the gate went up. The jockey's explanation was that he did not think it could be a start, but the Stewards were down on him all the same. As the race was started almost opposite the stands, any suggestion of dishonesty does not arise, as no jockey would be such a fool. But, so far as this horse is concerned, we are no wiser than we were before, and how wise that was I do not quite know. After the way in which he was backed at

Newbury, it is presumable that the trainer-owner must have believed that, even if he had then earned a 10 lb. penalty, his Cesarewitch chance would not have been imperilled.

There is no one who is training at the moment from whom Mr. Hartigan could learn very much, if anything, and I feel certain that we all wish him the best of luck with this very business-like son of

Santoi. However, to revert, there is no doubt that Golden Melody's has so far been the best public gallop we have had for the big race, and is a great deal more convincing performance than that of either Gay Lord or Silver Bridge. At the moment I think the outstanding feature is the slump in tips for the immediate future. One cannot blame the prophets, for who can know what is going

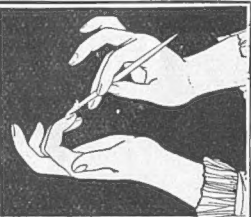


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to be our portion? Personally, I think both the autumn handicaps are extraordinarily open, in spite of all that we have seen lately. I also think it is about even-money betting whether they are run at all. It may not be necessary to cancel all racing fixtures for the rest of the year, as has been done in Ireland—for, it is said, political reasons—but the effects of this strike will be long felt.

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